THE LIMA TIMES-DEMOCRAT.

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ME TWENTY-TWO NUMBER 64. THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT, LIMA, OHIO, MONDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1905. PRICE TWO CENTS.

T WALLETS

lena Street Car 'as Held Up.

s Enriched Them- s to the Extent of ver a Hundred.

JCTOR LOST ALL.

ymen Went Through r and Tackled Everybody.

'hey Swung Quickly nd Disappeared in the Darkness.

gcies, Cal., Dec. 25.—It is e two men who held up and Passadena street car last not secure more than $100. Bonnesi who was in charge , was robbed of $40, a por- s receipts for the day, Max f Passadena, a passenger ed of a wallet containing e remaining passengers con- ut little. About fifteen pas- ere on the car. No jewelry , but one of the men took o a watch worn by one of ngers and pocketed it. Both boarded the car near East s, one of them getting on end of the car and the other ar. Both paid their fare to to the conductor. Shortly car had passed Rose Hill, itting in the rear of the car volver, and commanded the and passengers to hold up ds. The conductor put up at once and was promptly f his money. The man call- partner at the front of the t busy". The latter in the had placed a pistol at the iotorman Blair and ordered un slow, he then went he pocket of the motorman me change. Both the men ugh the car and tackled ev- nger. They offered no re- Many of them, however, antage of the opportunity heir valuables on the floor, sight of the robbers. After g the robbery of the pas- me of the men called pleas- he conductor to "stop the ere's where we get off." manding the motorman to without stopping, they slow- from the car and disappear-

LEOPOLD KEPT IT SECRET.

ork, Dec. 25.—A Paris des- he World dated today says: to the DeBruges, tebre can to the De Bruges there can morganatic marriage. It e 12 months ago," the paper the private chapel of the f Laeken, near Brussels in nce of two aides-de-camp, court chaplain acting under rity of the cardinal archbish- chlin.

ly is Mme Vaughn, whose ame was Mlle Lacroix. She of Van Lamgendolck, a so mber of the Belgian champ- ties for the town of Louvain. Vaughn was born at Louvain e daughter of a caretaker. ly lives on the king property erat, near Nice. The matter open secret."

MORALES GONE.

Domingo, Dec. 25.—President as left the city and his des- is unknown. The city and ng country is quiet, but ex- is shown at the unexpected of the president.

PULAR BARBER

d to Fair Daughter of Fremont.

'remont Review-Dispatch of r 20th contains the follow- h will be of interest to the ends of Mr. Albert C. Bur- a long time one of the popu- rs at the Norval hotel shop. Albert C. Burrows and Miss Brand, accompanied by Mr. J. C. Binder and Miss Hattie repaired to the Presbyterian e last evening, where the rst named were united in by Rev. Dr. C. G. Martin. bride is the daughter of Mr. F. Brand and is well and known in the younger so- es of the city. The groom is or of the barber shop in the ock, having come here from d a number of months since as made many friends dur- omparatively short residence

nd Mrs. Binder entertained a young people at dinner at me on Fremont street today leasure of the couple. and Mrs. Burrows will go to rt on Sunday for a visit of a with his sister and on their vill board at the Binder the present. They have the hes of many friends."

CIGAR MAKERS ENTER PROTEST.

New York, Dec. 25.—A protest is to be made by the local cigar makers' union to congress against a bill before the house to change the tariff law in reference to exports from the Philippines. Among other things the bill provides that 25 percent of the duties now imposed on cigars brought from the Philippines shall prevail until 1909, when the tariff shall be altogether abolished. Delegate Lowey, for the cigar makers said: "The cigars are made by coolie labor in the Philippines, where the men are paid 30 or 40 cents a day. About 200,000,000 cigars a year are imported from the Philippines now. In case this law goes into effect, 500,000,000 or more will be imported annually.

FINE PROGRAM

Rehearsed In Preparation For Coming Concert.

Prof. Orlon Farrar, of Pittsburg, was in the city again yesterday, and directed another rehearsal of the sacred concert which this splendid organization will give in the Faurot opera house next Sunday evening, New Years' eve. The program prepared for this entertainment is an excellent one. It is made up of selections appropriate to the occasion and it will be well rendered is a certainty. The tickets for the concert are now out and are selling rapidly. The admission fee is only twenty-five cents and the tickets may be exchanged for reserved seat coupons at the theatre box office next Saturday morning.

LARGE NUMBER

Of Passengers Injured in Wreck.

Denver and Rio Grande Train Ditched Because of Bad Rail

OWING TO THE COLD

Which Prevailed. All Those Who Were Injured Suffered Much.

Chair Car Rolled Down an Embankment and Took Others With It.

Durango, Colo., Dec. 25.—The eastbound Denver & Rio Grande passenger train from Silverton, well loaded with passengers, was wrecked three miles from this city yesterday, and while no one was killed, a large number of the passengers were injured, twelve of them seriously.

The accident was caused, it was claimed, by a defective rail.

The most seriously hurt were: Miss Katie Porter, of Silverton, right hand torn from the arm; arm crushed up to the elbow.

George S. Canfield, of Silverton, three ribs broken and seriously injured internally.

H. S. Harris, mail clerk, internal injuries.

Mrs. R. Rogers, of Silverton, bruises and shock.

Infant son of Mrs. Rogers had several teeth knocked out.

——— Herrick, back injured.

——— Pinso, head cut and badly bruised.

John Acord, of Silverton, face burned.

George Smart, of Rockford, right shoulder bruised.

Carlos Honseles, right shoulder badly bruised.

When the accident occurred the chair car rolled down an embankment, dragging the other cars with it.

Owing to the cold while prevailed, the injured suffered greatly.

WEDDING GIFT FROM THE POPE.

New York, Dec. 25.—According to a World cablegram, Pius X has just declared his intention to send a wedding present to Miss Alice Roosevelt on the occasion of her wedding in February. The gift probably will be beautiful piece of Mosaic work, from the church.

It has not been determined whether Monsignor Falconia, the apolistic delegate in the U. S. shall present the gift on behalf of the Pope or a special messenger shall be sent.

WELL KNOWN AUTHOR DEAD.

New York, Dec. 25.—Matthew Patterson Wood, consulting engineer, died last night in his home, in this city, after a protracted illness. He was the author of many papers on technical subjects.

Mr. Wood, who was 70 years old, during the civil war was superintendent of motive power of the United States railways, serving under General Heman Haupt, who died last week. He was also a confidential for Secretary of War Stanton.

FLAMES RAGED

Hundreds of Babies Were Carried Out.

Christmas Trees Laden With Toys Filled New York Street.

A THEATRIC STRUGGLE

In Upper Story of Tenement House With Panic Stricken Man.

Early Morning Blaze Which Threatened to Destroy Much Property.

New York, Dec. 25.—Hundreds of tenement house babies and their Xmas trees laden with toys were carried into the street before daylight during a fire which threatened to burn several blocks of the city in the vicinity of 58th street and Eleventh avenue. A six story factory building at 534-538 west of Fifty-eighth street was completely destroyed with a loss of $100,000. With tenement houses on three sides and with gas tanks of the Consolidated Gas Co. in reach of showers of sparks, the water pressure practically failed when the fire was hottest. Fire engines were hastily coupled together, pumping in pairs, and this together with the bold work of the firemen who advanced almost into the flames in order to play on the fire with their weak streams finally saved the hundreds of surrounding homes.

The fire was first discovered when flames burst from the third story windows and jumped completely across 58th street like a roar of a discharging cannon. When the fire department arrived and tried to put up its compressed air extension ladders to the 6th floor the ladders refused to extend. This delayed the firemen several minutes. Half an hour after the fire started, although it was still long before daylight, the Roosevelt hospital was lighted up as if by daylight. There was great alarm among both patients and their aattendants.

Such crowds rushed out of the tenement houses near the fire that the police from several stations were called out to handle them. At the heighth of the fire, thousands of spectators momentarily forgot the burning building in watching a struggle in the upper window of a tenement house in 58th street. A man started climbing over the window sill, preparing to drop to the street in his night clothes. Another man reached out to save him. The two fought in the window above the sidewalk while the crowd below cleared a semi-circle. A blanket picked up from a pile of bedding, that tenements were trying to save, was stretched directly under the window. It was not needed, however, for the half crazed man was drawn back through the window by main strength.

The firemen carried the hose from the coupled engines to the roofs of neighboring flat houses and there they both poured water upon the factory fire and extinguished little blazes which continually started on the roofs all about them. The sun had risen before the last of the Xmas trees, and toys were carried back into the tenement houses and the danger was entirely over. One fireman was injured by falling glass.

JAIL BREAKERS HAVE BEEN TAKEN.

Kriney, Neb., Dec. 25.—Fred Gillett, W. B. Warner and Fred Englebrecht, three men who broke jail in this city last week, have been captured near Holdredge, where they were brought to bay in a hay stack. They were pursued until nightfall by Sheriff Sammon. Making a stand in a hay stack, the trio fought off one posse with a revolver crusade. Sheriff Sammon then came after the men with Winchester rifles and the men surrendered.

MACHINE WAS NOT HIS OWN.

New York, Dec. 25—Baron Fredrick Seefeld whose residence is at present in Philadelphia, was arrestetd here last night charged with securing money under false pretenses. The police say that Countess Ilka K. Pulmay, who is living at a New York hotel, charges that several weeks ago she loaned the baron a large sum of money taking his automobile as a security, and that she afterwards learned that the automobile did not belong to him.

QUEER ACCIDENT.

Columbus, Dec. 25.—Unaware that his engine was standing on a small trestle, Marion Collins, freight engineer on the Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern, swung off to examine his engine at Grove City while waiting for a passenger train to pass, and fell into a ditch with five feet of water. In the fall his right hip was fractured and it was only by loud outcries that his fireman was apprised of the accident and hastened to his rescue. Collins is aged 43, married and lives at Cummingsville, Cincinnati.

THE ENGINEER CAME OUT WHOLE.

Peterson N. J., Dec. 25.—A railroad locomotive was partly blown to pieces and two members of the train crew were badly injured here today by an explosion of the engine's boiler. Chas. Debarr, of Staudsburg, Pa., fireman and Conductor Mabee, of Butler, N. J., were badly scalded. DeBarr is expected to die. The freight came to a sudden stop when near this city. Something had gone wrong with the engine and the entire crew gathered around the locomotive to ascertain what the trouble was. The engineer remained in the cab while the others stood on the tracks. In the midst of the examination the boiler exploded. The force of the explosion was apparently downward, as the engineer was uninjured, but those on the ground were terribly hurt.

BOSTON POLES

Pledge Support to Their Fellow Countrymen

In the Struggle Against Relentlessly Oppressive Russia.

SONS OF THE NATION

That Gave to America the Brave Kosciusko and Pulaski.

Now Call Upon Lovers of Freedom to Help Their Great Cause.

Boston, Dec. 25.—The Russian bureaucracy is condemned in resolutions passed last night at a meeting of the local branch of the Polish National Alliance. The object of the gathering was to show sympathy with the demand now being made in Russia for constitutional government and to raise funds "for the assistance of our Polish fellow countrymen haattling for freedom, poor and suffering hunger and other privations at the hands of a relentlessly oppressive government." Jean Romanaszlewicz, vice chancellor of the Polish National Alliance, presided and several others made speeches in Polish. The resolutions say in part:

"To the people of the Russian empire, who, because of the misfortunes their country has lately suffered in the agony of despair, are attempting to break the bonds of political slavery and are seeking in a constitution a defense against the autocracy and bueraucracy, the cause of these misfortunes. We extend our sympathy and pray that success may crown their efforts.

"We condemn the murders and bloody assaults of a defenseless people, committed at the instigation of the minons of the Czar's bureaucracy.

"Actuated by a feeling of righteous indignation at the commission of such cruelties unheard of in the history of the world, and realizing that the gravity of the present situation in Russian Poland, we appeal to a free people of America, who at all times have expressed sympathy and given assistance to those oppressed and struggling for freedom, that they will not forget our beloved Poland which sent forth to the assistance of the struggling new American republic, Kosciusko and Pulaski, which furnish- which furnished hundreds of volunteers in the ranks of the army that struggled for the freedom of the colored man, Poland, whose sons in hundreds, enlisted under the American flag in its latest war.

"In the face of news sent to us from our native lands, where the Polish people are massing themselves in support of their natural rights to a political existence as a nation; where our people are falling as martyrs to a cause; where the prisons are being filled with innocent people, we Poles now living in America, do not only sympathize with our countrymen in Poland, and do not only approve of the demands made upon them by the Russian government, but we will help them according to our means."

Foresees a Crash.

New York, Dec. 25.—Dr. Dillon, the St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph, declares that "Saturday's doings in Moscow mark the most important manifestation in Russian anarchy", says a London despatch to the world. "Dr. Dillon is persuaded that the economic basis of the Russian finances are now about to give way with a crash and that a commercial and industrial crisis, such as has never been seen in the history of modern states is about to begin, characterized by a famine.

THICKNESS OF SKULL SAVED HIM.

New York City, Dec. 25.—After firing three shots at his head, a man who registered at a Bowery hotel as Hegger Lesser, was taken to a hospital yesterday suffering from three superficial scalp wounds. The man's skull is so thick that, though the bullets struck him there, they did little harm.

NEAR AT HAND

Hamilton's Statement Will Reach

Five Trustees of New York Life Insurance Co. Tomorrow.

McCALL WILL APPEND

It With a Statement of His Own Concerning the Expenditures.

If Not Satisfactory to Trustees, Will Return Money Given Hamilton.

New York, Dec. 25.—At its meeting tomorrow the investigating committee composed of five trustees of the New York Life Insurance Company will receive from Secretary John C. McCall the statement from Judge Andrew Hamilton which Mr. McCall was sent to Paris to procure.

The committee is anxious to learn all the details of Hamilton's legislative expenditures and will expect President McCall to throw light on whatever may be found obscure and unexplained in the Hamilton document. This paper will also be presented to the legislative investigating committee.

President McCall and his son have gone over Hamilton's statement together since the younger man's arrival from Paris on Saturday. It is likely that President McCall will send the trustee committee a statement of his own to accompany Hamilton's and this may contain a further proposal with regard to the $235,000 of funds paid to Hamilton, which it will be remembered, Mr. McCall said he would restore to the company before Dec. 31, if Hamilton did not account satisfactorily for the money.

THE IDLER.

H. F. Vortkamp, the popular druggist, is entitled to thanks of this office for a Christmas present of a fine box of Havana cigars.

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Harvey Aikens will resign his position at the Frey drug store on Tuesday, Dec. 26th, and will go at once to Lima to accept a position in the general offices of the Western Ohio Traction company. By going into this office he will be able to fit himself for the position of general agent at the new union interurban station in this city.—Findlay Republican.

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Born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hollister, of north Pierce street, last night, a bouncing ten pound boy.

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"The Maid and the Mummy" with a remarkably strong cast, will be at the Brown opera house in Wapak, on next Tuesday evening.

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The Kansas City Journal tells about a Western editor who has come to the conclusion that persons who desire "puffs" in his paper must pay for them. The following is the schedule of prices established:

For telling the public that a man is a successful citizen when everybody knows that he is as lazy as a government mule, $1.75; referring to a deceased citizen as one who is mourned by the entire community, when he knows he would only be missed by the poker players and crap shooters, $1.08; referring to some galli vanting female as an estimable lady whom it was a pleasure to meet, when every business man in town would rather see the devil, horns, hoofs and all than to see her coming toward them, $3.20.

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A pennsylvania State Senator, says an exchange, having heard that no more passes were to be issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, went to one of the officials for definite information on the subject.

"Yes," said the official, "It is true that no passes are to be given except to employes."

"Well," said the Senator, "that lets us out. The Legislature of Pennsylvania has been in the employ of the years. No person will question your right to give free transportation to the members."

ENGAGEMENT

Of General Orr's Grand-Daughter Announced.

A dispatch from Piqua of general interest here where the future bride is well known, says:

"At a family dinner this afternoon the engagement of Miss Margaret Orr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Orr, to Mr. Robert Dixon Hopkins, Jr., of Baltimore, Md., was formally announced. The bride-elect is a granddaughter of General W. P. Orr, while Mr. Hopkins is a member of a prominent Baltimore family and is secretary of the Brigham Hopkins Company, large strawboard manufacturers. The wedding will be an event early in the new year."

WALSH PLANT GETS RECEIVER.

Akron, O., Dec. 25.—The Akron Gas Co., one of John R. Walsh's properties, went into the hands of a receiver Saaturday afternoon, the petition being filed by Squires, Dempsey and Saunders, of Cleveland, on a claim of $5,703.56 for coal furnished by the Youghiogheney & Ohio Coal Co. The local manager, A. B. Eilbeck, was appointed receiver of the company. The plant under the present ownership has been running since 1898, when Walsh purchased it from Chas. W. Dawes, of Chicago, and the company is capitalized at $400,000, which is also the bonded indebtedness of the company.

NOBODY SAW THE ACCIDENT.

Columbus, O., Dec. 25.—Lying flat on his stomach, with his head dangling down into the shaft below, Geo. McPherson, a wall paper man, carrying on business on west Rich street, was found wedged between the floor of the freight elevator and the gate, in the building occupied by the C. C. Alger Wall Paper Co. He died later at the Protestant Hospital. No one saw the accident.

MATTHEWS SUCCESSOR.

Columbus, Dec. 23.—C. H. Bosler and a delegation of Dayton republicans called upon the governor, Saturday and recommended U. S. Martin for the appointment of common pleas judge in place of E. B. Matthews resigned.

UNFORTUNATES REMEMBERED.

Columbus, Dec. 25.—Saturday, the little guard house in front of the Ohio penitentiary was crammed with Christmas baskets and express packages sent in by friends of the prisoners. It is the duty of the guard to examine thoroughly every package before it is delivered to the prisoner to whom it is addressed. Anything of a contraband nature is taken away.

Guard Dave Williams says that last Christmas, he handled over 650 packages, exclusive of those sent by people in the city. This year the indications are that the number will be much larger.

SMITH CENTENNIAL

Monument Erected to the Memory of Founder of Mormonism.

LOCATED AT SHARON.

Delegation From Utah Was Present to Participate in Ceremony.

South Royalton, Vt., Dec. 25.—In memory of Jos. Smith, founder of the Mormon faith, a monument which had been erected on the site of his birthplace has been dedicated. The memorial is located in the town of Sharon, three miles from this village, where in a little farm house, Jos. Smith was born one hundred years ago, on December 24, 1805. President Jos. F. Smith and a party of about fifty officials of the Mormon church and representatives of the Smith family, who arrived here Friday from Salt Lake City, attended the exercises which were held in a memorial college that stands near the monument. Brief addresses were delivered by several of the Mormon officials and President Smith offered the dedicatory prayer. The monument was unveiled by Miss Abbie Wells, daughter of Julian F. Wells, a prominent Utah Mormon, with whom the project of erecting the memorial originated.

Several hymns were sung during the exercises by soloists and a quartette.

The monument is of dark granite, highly polished. Its total height is 50 feet and two inches, and it is said to be the largest polished granite monument in the country.

SATURDAY IINCORPORATIONS.

Columbus, Dec. 25.—Incorporations: The Miami Vulcanizing & Rubber Co., Cincinnati, by Louis F. Reemelin, Jacob Roth Jr., W. C. Smith, W. W. Robertson and Thomas Benham. Capital $50,000.

The Shaw Kendall Engineering Co., Toledo, by Cornelius Kendall, W. L. Brown, W. M. Bellman and Wm. Hardee. Capital $50,000.

The Eagle Tailoring Co., Cincinnati, by J. E. Steitmider, Otto Eckerly, D. C. Steitmiller and Frank J. Vincent. Capital $1,000.

The Rayland Coal Co., Rayland, Jefferson county, by J. A. Ray, M. D. Gibson, James McConville, A. S. Buckingham, Plumber P. Lewis and W. R. Burgoyne. Capital $50,000.

The F. D. Beherens Co., Cincinnati, by L. K. Behrens, Florence Knebelkamp, L. K. Berger, C. H. Maddsell and Minnie A. Jackson. Capital $15,000.

SECOND COMET IN PHOTOGRAPH.

Boston, Dec. 25.—A telephone message has been received at the Harvard observatory from Prof. Percival Lowell saying that he found a second comet in the photograph made on Nov. 14 at 9 hours, 54 minutes time, 7 hours west of Greenwich right ascension 33.5 declines minus 8.7. The comet was moving two minutes an hour south by west or north by east. The comet had two tails, one extending north and the other northeast.

GOD A SPIRIT

Declares Rev. Biglow But What Kind?

God Is a Divine Ether in Which We Are All Submerged.

HUMAN RACE IN A FOG,

Yet the Light Is Slowly Finding Its Way Through the Mist.

Everywhere It Is Trying to Burst Into and Warm Hearts of Men.

Cincinnati, O., Dec. 25.—Discoursing from the topic "A World Wide Bible", the Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow, of Vine street Congregational church said during his sermon of yesterday:

"God is a spirit. But what kind of a spirit? Is he a ghost that dwells apart from us and His universe? Modern science confirms this teaching of Jesus that God is a spirit. Modern science is making it clear to us what kind of a spirit God must be.

"The only conception of God that is consistent with our present knowledge of the universe is that of the unseen power, the hidden force, the vitalizing principle, the creative energy, the overruling goodness of which we get hints in ourselves and in the world about us.

"God is a divine ether in which we are all submerged. He is the most solid reality in the universe, yet we are but dimly conscious of Him. If we know anything, we know that there must be something behind what we see. What is this something? What is this force that moves the world? Is it a mere blind, mechanical force, or is it intelligent and kindly and loving? What do we know of it?

Unfolding God.

"We are learning something every day. Every discovery made, every law found every new experience of the race, every addition to our knowledge, every struggle for liberty, every step of progress, every achievement of man's intellect, every triumph of the human heart; these all are teaching us that the power that lies beneath us, holding us and the world in its embrace, is a kindly power, that justice is its only law and love the goal of its endeavor.

"You leave your home on the hilltop some morning when the sun is shining and come down into the valley to find the lamps burning and the street enveloped in smoke and fog from which the passersby emerge and into which they disappear again like creatures of an underworld, spectres of the mist.

"You knoiw the sun is shining over shop and factory as brightly as on yonder hills. But into those cavernous streets it cannot come, barred by the grimey vapor that shrouds the town. But the day advances, the sun ascends, the wind blows and, finally, you notice a streak of light on your office floor. The rift widens and soon the mists are gone and the streets are filled with greatful faces that greet the sun.

Men in a Fog.

"The human race is like unto the inhabitants of this fog-mantled city. Above us there is the fact of God, the great spiritual reality, shining like the sun in heaven. But the mists are in our eyes. Ignorance surrounds us like an impenetrable cloud. We grope in the dark and shiver with the thought of a sunless, Godless world.

"Yet the light is finding its way through the pall. Here and there are streaks of gleaming gold. God is breaking upon our consciousness like the sun upon the town.

The Universe God's Testament.

"It is not alone in the Hebrew bible that we read of Him. He has given us bibles without number. He has sent us countless revelations of Himself. The widening horizon of the human mind, the increasing mercy of the human heart, the growing justice of human society, the wonders of the microscope, the miracle of the heavens, the poet's song, the prophet's vision, the martyr's sacrifice, the prayers and aspirations and bibles of all races of men, these are so many flashes of the light of God, assurances accumulating with the centuries, that the eternal God is our refuge and underneath us are the everlasting arms.

"Everywhere and always this light is trying to burst into the human mind and warm the hearts of men. God did not break but once the silence of the centuries to speak to some Jews in Palestine. The world is vocal with his presence. His word is written on the rocks. His judgments are recorded on the walls of buried cities. The violets raise altars to His name, and the morning and the evening star proclaim His law."

WANTS NEW TRIAL.

Washington, Dec. 25.—Motions for a new trial for arrest of judgment have been filed here in behalf of Wm. G. Crawford, recently convicted of conspiracy to defraud the government with furnishing letter carriers' satchels to the postoffice department. Arguments will be had next Saturday.

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A MIND OF HER OWN

By JOHN ROE GORDON

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IT was August, 1781. Washington was hurrying southward to face Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, and the French fleet was closing in to cut off the escape of the British by sea. It was a well laid plan between the Americans and the French.

As Washington left the Hudson with his army several crafts left New England ports laden with the munitions and supplies which would be needed later on, and among them was Captain Elisha Hopewell's brig Mary Ann of Salem. It will forever stand to the credit of that town that the contributions of food, blankets, shoes and hospital supplies sent in so free handed would have loaded the brig to the hatches had they been taken aboard. Room had to be reserved for the fieldpieces and muskets which were to be taken on at Boston. While hundreds of willing hands were helping to stow cargo Captain Elisha went home to have a talk with his wife Nancy. She had made three trips with him to Havana and each time had undergone adventures and proved her nerve. This was a military charter instead of a trading voyage, however, and, as the run was to be coastwise and the British held New York, Nancy must be left behind. The captain had no doubt of this in his own mind, but still he would let her down easy. He stopped at the gate and looked around in a careless way, and he sauntered around the wood pile as if mentally calculating how long the fuel would last, and by and by he walked slowly into the kitchen. Nancy was peeling potatoes for supper. She looked up at the clock and then at her husband, and as he sat down with a grunt and remarked that it looked a little bit like a thunderstorm she pared away at a potato and said:

"Elisha Hopewell, somethin's the matter with you! Don't deny it, for you can't fib to me!"

"I'm jest a leetle bit narvous over what's ahead," he explained as he glanced at her out of the tail of his eye. "I shall do my best, of course, to git through to the Chesapeake, but the British will be on watch all along from Boston to the Capes. I'm powerful glad, Nancy, that I shan't have you on board to fret about."

"Who said I wouldn't be aboard when the Mary Ann sailed?" she asked.

"Why, nobody; but of course you won't be. I'm chartered by the government, you know."

"That will do, Elisha. I know all about the charter, and it don't worry me a speck. When the brig goes, I go. I've had my mind made up fur two hull days."

"Then, by Josh, the government will stop you!" he exclaimed.

"It may if it can, Elisha, but it's no use for you to spunk up and wilt your collar over it. There's forty good reasons why I should go along and not one reason why I should stay home. By the time you've fed the pig, washed your face and combed your hair I'll have supper ready."

Nancy Hopewell was not a scold nor a woman of temper. She simply had a mind of her own—an unusually strong one. She thought things over before coming to conclusions, and when her mind was fully made up it was no use for Elisha to argue and protest. He sulked around on this occasion till supper was ready, and he might have sulked all through the meal had she not said:

"Elisha, don't be a baby. If you are captured I might as well be, and if you pull through I'll be with you. You know I can steer a trick, pull a rope and sight a sail as fur as the next one."

"I'm ag'in it," he replied; "but, bein' as you are sot about it, I s'pose you'll have to go."

That settled it. Nancy was aboard when the brig sailed down to Boston, and she was abodrd when the arms were taken on and the voyage resumed. The British had heard of Washington's change of base, of course, and they would be sure that supplies would be sent from New England ports. As a matter of fact, every vessel which could be spared from their fleet in northern waters was sent to patrol the coast above and below New York, and it is a matter of record that they gathered up a goodly number of the supply ships. When the Mary Ann had cleared Boston light the crew looked for her to head straight to sea for a hundred miles. That had been Captain Elisha's first idea, but as he broached it to his wife she said:

"Elisha, it's a good thing in war never to do what the enemy expects you to. If I was a Britisher I'd figger that you would run fur out to sea to git a good offing before you headed your course, and so I'd keep most of my patrol boats from fifty to seventy-five miles off shore."

"By Josh, but there's somethin' in that!" exclaimed the captain.

"If you keep near the coast," continued the wife, "you've got the chance of shoal water over a big craft, and there's more show fur squalls and fogs and dodgin', and if you find you can't git away from pursuit you can pile the Mary Ann up on the beach somewhere and keep the cargo out of the hands of the British."

"By Josh! By Josh!" whisperingly repeated Elisha as he gazed at her in admiration. "We'd all gone ahead and figgered on a long run to the east, and it ain't no plan at all compared to yours."

"Thank you, Elisha," she quietly replied as she turned to hunt for a button to sew on his vest.

After clearing Cape Cod the Mary Ann ran to the south and hugged the shore, and while off Chatham she got sight of the topsails of a craft to the east which could only have been a British man-of-war beating back and forth in the track. When the point was rounded she laid her course for Vineyard sound. She was well up with Gay head when she sighted a small schooner which was beating into the sound, and as the two craft passed each other within biscuit toss the schooner's captain hailed:

"If you are bound south you'd better look out fur British cruisers. There's at least three of 'em to the east of Block island, and they captured a Boston schooner yesterday."

The course of the Mary Ann was altered to the northwest, and she stretched across until Point Judith was sighted. Then she hugged the coast for thirty miles and laid a true course for Montauk. She was now in the mouth of Long Island sound, and it was the danger spot of the voyage. The run across would have been made at night, but early in the evening the wind died out, and the brig was compelled to anchor to prevent being carried away with the tide. A mist rose off the water to shut in the vision of the men on her decks, and, though the off watch turned in, Captain Hopewell's anxiety would not permit of sleep. At mid-

"Amagansett shoal may have somethin' to do with us before we git past."

night he descended to the cabin to find his wife still awake. He was glad of it, as he wanted some one to talk to.

"Look here, Nancy," he began; "I don't like this; by Josh, if I do! We won't git no breeze before sunrise, and d'ye know what we'll see the very first thing when the mist is blown away?"

"A Britisher about two miles off, I guess," she replied.

"That's it—that's jest what we'll see, and I want to know what we're goin' to do about it."

"Nuthin' 'tall, Elisha. We can't make the wind blow."

"But he'll capture us!"

"Mebbe he will and mebbe he won't. I've thought I had a hen right by the tail, when she'd dodge to right or left and git away. It won't do no good to stew and fret. It's time to take medicine when you know somethin' ails ye. I'd turn in and git some sleep if I was you. You'll be called before daybreak."

The captain followed her advice, and for the next four hours the brig was so quiet that a boat drifting past would have heard no sound. Then it was Nancy herself who called the sleeper.

"It'll be daylight in half an hour," she whispered, "and I want to tell ye somethin'. I've been on deck fur the last half hour, and I'm sure there's a craft of some sort at anchor below us."

"It'll be a man-o'-war, Nancy, a man-o'-war!" he groaned.

"Most likely, but we needn't faint away on that account."

On reaching the deck the captain felt of the atmosphere, so to say. To a sailor there were indications that a breeze off the land might soon be expected. It would be weak and puffy and not strengthen until sunrise, but it was his plan to take advantage of those puffs as far as he could. The pawls of the windlass were muffled, and as the hempen cable came slowly in there was little or no sound of weighing anchor. The tide was running up the sound, and tide and breeze sent the Mary Ann along for half an hour. Then of a sudden the breeze freshened, the mist began to disappear, and down in the south and about three miles away the crew of the brig caught sight of a British frigate.

"By Josh, but didn't I tell ye so?" exclaimed Captain Hopewell as his eyes lighted on the craft.

"Yes, Elisha, you did," replied Nancy, "but I don't see anything to holler about."

"And there goes a gun! And there goes a flag!" shouted the captain as he waved his telescope around.

"Waal, that don't hurt us any. Look here, Elisha, don't git excited and fall downstairs. The Britisher lays with his head to the south. He's got to up anchor and come about before he can chase us, and we'll then have a lead of four miles."

It took the big craft a long time to get up her anchor and come about, and she took up the pursuit in a hopeless way. The Mary Ann increased her lead every minute, and her crew were full of rejoicing until they had rounded the point. Then they saw fair before them, coming up the coast, one of the ten gun brigs which the British were making use of for shoal water patrolling. They were swift sailers, those brigs, but in this case there was no need of pursuit. The Mary Ann had sailed right into the trap.

"By Josh, Nancy, but we're taken!" exclaimed Captain Hopewell as he caught sight of the stranger.

"Waal, don't have a fit over it," she replied.

"But the Mary Ann is lost, and we are prisoners!"

"We'll see about that. There goes a gun fur us to heave to. Fetch her into the wind, Elisha, and don't do no groanin' and lamentin'. No dog is over dead till his tail has stopped waggin'. I'm goin' to believe that somethin' will turn up before we are carried into New York."

A quarter of an hour later an officer of the brig was on board. Having made a capture under the nose of a big frigate, as it were, he was in good humor.

The captured brig was taken into New York, and as a beginning the captor made a very foolish move, even though he may have been short of men. He ordered the sails of the Mary Ann to be furled and then got out a line and took her in tow. Even Captain Hopewell was allowed to remain aboard, and the three Englishmen left behind were to take turns at the wheel and keep an eye on the prisoners. It was probably argued that without a firearm aboard, in broad daylight and within rifle shot of her captor, the Yankee crew would be as humble as rabbits. So they were for a time, and so they might have continued but for the captain's wife. She took an hour to think things over, and then she said to the captain, who sat in the cabin with her with his head in his hands:

"Elisha, are you a worm of a man?"

"What odds does it make whether I'm one or t'other?" he replied as he straightened up.

"It may make a good deal. How's the wind?"

"Nor'-nor'west and fresh'nin' all the time."

"And we are keepin' close in?"

"Purty close. What odds does it make, though, about the wind or anything else? We are prisoners and on our way to New York."

"Elisha, I wish you wouldn't fret. Nobody ever got any good out of frettin'. If we are keepin' close in, and the breeze is growin' stronger, mebbe Amagansett shoal may have somethin' to do with us before we git past."

"But what can it do?" he petulantly queried.

"I've heard father say, and I've heard you and Captain Weatherby say, that a northwest wind and a fallin' tide makes Amagansett shoal a dangerous spot. That Britisher's drawin' eleven feet of water to our eight. He may know about the shoal or he may not. Let's go on deck. Don't you even look cross eyed at anybody, but if anything happens be ready to spring fur your life."

"Nancy," solemnly replied Elisha as he laid a hand on her shoulder, "if you'd been born a man you'd have been George Washington, by Josh! And I've got hopes!"

Of the three men constituting the prize crew one was at the wheel, a second in the bow of the brig, and the third was making friends with the crew, with the object of getting them to enlist under the king. Amagansett shoal lay about three miles ahead, with a strong breeze blowing and a tumble of a sea getting up. Captain and wife had not been on deck five minutes when he whispered to her:

"Nancy, may I never eat another b'iled dinner in our kitchen in Salem if he ain't makin' straight fur the shoal!"

"But don't git excited, Elisha," she cautioned. "If anything's goin' to happen you bob around like a hen with her head cut off and let everybody know it. Now listen to me. If the Britisher strikes the shoal he'll be in trouble at once. I want you to knock down the man at the wheel. Don't kill him, but lay him out so he'll keep quiet fur ten minutes. Then I'll grab the wheel, and you run forward. You can trust the men to seize that chap talkin' to 'em, but you must git forwards and cut the towline. Don't kill anybody unless you have to."

"By Josh, Nancy! B-y J-o-s-h!" he whispered as he began to tremble with excitement.

"Steady, Elisha! Keep your eye on the brig and be ready to act. The minute the towline is cut we must make sail. I'll be right at the wheel, and you needn't do no worryin'."

Something in the looks of the captain and wife caught the eyes of the crew, and they began glancing around and about. At least three of them saw that the brig was making a straight course to cross the shoal, and they began to wonder if there was water enough. They were thus ready to act when the crisis came. Of a sudden the brig took the ground, and the shock brought down both her topgallant masts and made her decks a scene of confusion and danger.

"Now, Elisha—now!" shouted Nancy, and the words were hardly out of her mouth before the captain bounded on the man at the wheel and knocked him senseless by a blow on the jaw. Nancy was at hand to take the helm, and the programme she had mapped out was followed to the letter. The three men of the prize crew were prisoners and the tow rope cut within a minute, and then as the crew, headed by the captain himself, sprang aloft and let fall the sails the Mary Ann drove off at a smart pace. Three or four guns boomed from the brig, and three or four solid shot plowed up the water, but the peril had passed, and the trader was safe. While she went flying southward her captor remained fast on the shoal, and the Mary Ann was one of the first to land her stores in front of the American camp on the shores of the Chesapeake. On her return to Salem the people would have it that Nancy Hopewell was a heroine, but in response to their cheers she quietly replied:

"La' me, but how people do git stirred up over nothin'! I wish they'd stop yellin' and let me git some pies made fur Sunday!"

Report From the Reform School.

J. G. Gluck, Superintendent, Pruntytown, W. Va., writes: "After trying all other advertised cough medicines, we have decided to use Foley's Honey and Tar exclusively in the West Virginia Reform School. I find it the most effective and absolutely harmless." H. F. Vortkamp.

No Secret About It.

It is no secret, that for Cuts, Burns, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Sore Eyes, Boils, etc., nothing is so effective as Bucklen's Arnica Salve. "It didn't take long to cure a bad sore I had, and it is all O. K. for sore eyes," writes D. L. Gregory, of Hope, Tex. 25c at H. F. Vortkamp's drug store.

Red, White, Green Seas.

The colors of pure ocean water and the varying shades observed where impurities are met with are diversified by the coloring effects of the enormous multitudes of various forms of organized life which sometimes mask the natural color of the surface of the sea and tinge extensive areas with remarkable colors. Red appears to be most frequently met with. In the southern parts of the Red sea and in the Arabian gulf large areas are colored blood red by microscopic animalculae, and in the Indian ocean similar forms of life cause, in addition to red, milk white or yellow spots of great extent, the appearance of which is frequently alarming to the ignorant sailor. Off the Guinea coast ships sometimes appear to float in milk. Extensive red streaks are also known to occur in the south Atlantic and south Pacific, which are caused by hosts of small red crustacea. The "Vermilion sea" of California owes its brilliant color to infusoria. Areas colored green have been noted, especially in the arctic regions, which are due to myriads of diatoms, and in some portions of the antarctic seas diatoms of rusty color make the water a dirty brown.

How General Butler Lost a Horse.

While in front of Petersburg General Butler received information that his favorite horse, Almond Eye, had been accidentally killed by falling into a ravine. Upon the departure of his informant he ordered an Irish servant to go and skin him.

"What, is Almond Eye dead?" asked Pat.

"What's that to you? Do as I bid you and ask no questions."

Pat went about his business and in an hour or two returned.

"Well, Pat, where have you been all this time?" sternly demanded the general.

"Skinning the horse, yer honor."

"Does it take nearly two hours to perform such an operation?"

"No, yer honor, but then, you see, it tuck 'bout half an hour to catch him," replied Pat.

General Butler cast upon his servant such a ferocious look that Pat thought he meditated skinning an Irishman in revenge for the death of his horse.

Value of Butterflies.

When our juniors see the common white cabbage and sulphur wing butterflies or even the superb Monarch and gorgeous Ajax swallowtails flitting through the fields or at times city streets they perhaps never give thought to the fact that butterflies may be of commercial value. But such is the case. Some of our domestic butterflies on account of rarity more than beauty command prices from one to several dollars, which collectors gladly pay to insure the completeness of their cabinets. Big prices are paid for some of the magnificent butterflies of the morpho and papilio genera, which are rainbow hued in colors and span five feet in wings. These flourish in tropical countries, and it is often necessary for museums to send out special expeditions for them. They range from $10 to $100 in value.—Baltimore Herald.

Haddock Marks.

Why do haddocks carry those peculiar black "finger marks" near the head? Some tell us that they are a memento of the pressure of St. Peter's fingers when he went fishing for the tribute money. On the Yorkshire coast of England they say the devil once determined to build a bridge at Filey. His Satanic majesty did not start the bridge for the convenience of the people, but for the destruction of ships and sailors and the annoyance of fishermen in general. In the progress of his work Old Nick dropped his hammer into the sea. Snatching at it hastily, he caught a haddock, and all haddocks carry the imprint of his black fingers to this day.

Conceit.

Conceit is essential to rapid advancement—not overconceit, but conceit in reasonable volume. The conceit of youth becomes the assurance of old age. If you're master of your conceit, you have back of you a slave of unlimited assistance. If conceit is your master, you're doomed to failure. But don't cultivate self conceit. It's a lusty plant. Give it half a chance and it will outgrow your self respect.—N. C. Fowler, Jr., in "Gumption."

Diagnosis.

"I regret to say," remarked the young physician, "that you have peristaltic neurilemma. The symptoms are unmistakable."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the astonished patient. "What in the world is peristaltic neurilemma, doctor?"

"It is, sir, the disease from which you are suffering," answered the young M. D. haughtily.—Chicago News.

Natural Enough.

Jolkley—I once heard a man say that he would rather be an ex-convict than anything else he could think of. Polkley—The idea! How eccentric! Jolkley—Not at all. The man was in the penitentiary at the time.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Reasonable Request.

Lawyer—Your honor, I want an interpreter for my client. Judge—What language does he speak? Lawyer—He's a railroad brakeman.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

His Treasure.

The Count (who has had a little tiff with his fiancee, the heiress)—But, my treasure— The Heiress—Your treasure? Your investment, you mean.

Unhooked.

Lady (hiring cook)—Are you unattached at present? Applicant—Oi think Oi am. Oi dressed in a hurry, mum.—Puck.

The season of Indigestion is now at hand. Ring's Dyspepsia Tablets relieve indigestion, and correct all stomach disorders. Sold by H. F. Vortkamp.

Telegraph Operators' Signs.

Telegraph operators always have personal signs which they place on all messages they send or receive. Usually they use two of their initials or take two letters from their names. For instance, James Black will probably use "JB" as his sign. In many cases, however, they choose their signs in peculiar ways.

"We once had a man working here who signed 'KE' because he had taken the Keeley cure," said a Kansas City chief operator. "He afterward went back to drinking and then used 'BZ,' deriving it from 'booze.' Another fellow signed 'PS' because he used to say he received a poor salary. A woman operator we had here used to sign 'HK,' her initials, until one day her beau jilted her and married another girl. After that she signed 'BH,' which, we understood, meant 'broken heart.' In an eastern office where I once worked there was a hoodoo sign. It was 'KQ.' The first man who used it there was killed by a train, the next one went crazy and the third died of typhoid fever. After that nobody in the office dared use the hoodoo sign. The story about its being a Jonah traveled over the country, and today you'll find very few operators signing 'KQ.'"

American Exuberance.

A prominent English statesman who visited this country a few years ago was talking with friends about the national characteristics of Americans and gave it as his opinion that the westerner is the most truly humorous of the citizens of the United States.

"Why," said the Briton in explanation, "a relative of mine who frequently visits the States for purposes of sport tells me that he was entranced by the reply made to him by the proprietor of a hotel in Nebraska when he asked if there were any quail in the vicinity.

"'Quail!' exclaimed the proprietor. 'I should say so! Why, they've got to be a regular nuisance round here.' My cook complains that she can't throw a piece of toast out of the window without four or five fat quail fighting to see which shall get on it!'"—Woman's Home Companion.

The Antiquity of Football.

If it is not the oldest game in the world football is not far from it. But it has never been a game in which puny nations played. The Greek game was originally called pheninda, or feinting, later it was called episkyros, epikoinos, and lastly harpaston, under which name it came to resemble football. The Roman game was follis and was less rough. There was a center runner in harpaston, around whom the game was fought out. One side was given the ball; the other side chose a center. The side with the ball stood some distance back from a line on which the center runner was posted, and at signal the ball was thrown past the middle man. Players could be held back from securing the ball in any way, though the Greek youths had no rush formation, never seeming to have learned the value of team work.—Outing.

Acute Sense of Hearing.

"Yes," said the prosperous lawyer in speaking to a friend, "I had a long wait before I got any practice, but I am certainly satisfied now with my profession and its emoluments.

"The early days, the waiting for clients, was hard, though. Why, do you know that I got so after awhile that when I heard a footstep on the stairs I could tell ninety-nine times out of a hundred whether or not the person was coming to my office?"

"Well, that is strange," replied his friend. "Your sense of hearing must have been very acute."

"Not so much that," replied the lawyer. "You see, I made up my mind that they were not coming to my office, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred I was right."

A Suggestive Sermon.

The Rev. Dr. Howard, chaplain to Princess Augusta, was so fond of good living that he ran into debt with many of the tradesmen in his parish. It was in their special interests that he one day preached from the text, "Have patience, and I will pay you all." He spoke at great length on the virtues of patience and then proceeded, "I now come to the second part of my discourse, which is, 'and I will pay you all,' but that I shall defer to a future occasion."—London Standard.

The Alexandrite.

Don't think that your knowledge of wonder gems is complete till you have seen an "alexandrite," green by day and red by night. And such a green—olive bronze, with a potent suggestion that red is there. Green when held in the sunlight. In a darkened room with artificial light a ruby where the emerald was a moment before—a tawny wine red of exquisite tone.

The Tearless Battle.

The Tearless battle was fought between the Spartans on one side and the Arcadians and Arjives on the other 367 B. C. Not a Spartan fell in the engagement, and so, Plutarch says, the Lacedaemonians called it the Tearless battle.

A Safe Opening.

"It does not follow that a safe opening is necessarily a secure sort of business," muttered the burglar as he began his drilling, "especially as one has to do so much blowing about it."—Baltimore American.

Welcome Trouble.

Miss Newitt—May's in trouble. She's had proposals from two men and can't choose between them. Miss Passay—Heavens! And does she call that trouble?

A spot is most seen on the finest cloth.—German Proverb.

Any one suffering from Kidney pains, backache, bladder trouble or rheumatism who will take a dose of Pine-ules upon retiring at night shall be relieved before morning. Sold by H. F. Vortkamp.

"Insensible to Pain."

A mother's love for her children is always being illustrated, not only in books, but in real life. A true story is told of a lady whose baby was very ill and who sat watching the child with absorbed attention, every instant fearing another convulsion and praying for deliverance from it. At her side stood an older child, who had stolen into the room unobserved and who was trying to prick the little black spots in mamma's muslin sleeve with a needle he had found. Presently the father came in, and the little child was seen and sent away.

"What is the matter with your arm?" whispered the gentleman to his wife when at last they turned to each other and smiled their thankfulness that the baby had fallen asleep.

"I don't know," said she. "Nothing that I am aware of."

She put up her hand and found that the thin muslin sleeve was soaked with blood. The little boy had become so absorbed in his sport that he had jabbed with all his might, and she in her terrible anxiety had not felt the thrusts.

Cleaning Men's Clothes.

A tailor of fifty years' experience gives the following information:

All men's clothing to be cleaned should be thoroughly beaten and brushed. Some things are so dirty it is absolutely necessary to wash them as any other woolen goods. Iron on the wrong side. To remove spots, use the following:

Two ounces of hartshorn, an ounce of castile soap, a quarter of an ounce of saltpeter. Dissolve in a quart of rain water.

He has used many cleaning mixtures, but considers this the best. Put a wad of soft cloth (like an old towel) under the spot, saturate well and rub hard. The secret of success lies in hard rubbing, which will drive the grease through into the wad of cloth. Rub dark goods with dark woolen and light goods with light. Press on right side with damp cloth between iron and garment.—Buffalo News.

Indian Summer.

Indian summer is the short spell of warm days in October or November accentuated by the first chill of autumn which has preceded it. Sometimes it lasts as long as a fortnight, and it has been observed to recur twice or thrice in a season, though this is quite rare. An atmospheric phenomenon of the same nature has received the name of "St. Luke's summer" in Germany, "St. Martin's summer" in England, the feasts of these saints being Oct. 18 and Nov. 11 respectively. The name Indian summer is of an unidentified origin. It has been established that it does not appear on any record earlier than 1794, but when first recorded it was as a term in general use. The use of the expression in 1778 by Horace Walpole clearly referred to the torrid summer of the West Indies and not to this pleasant period of the northern autumn.

The Satan of the Greeks.

The Greek conception of the evil one, whom they call Yama, makes that personage one of the most satanic of the whole evil tribe. According to their ideas of him, he is 240 miles high and the hairs on his body stand out like palm trees on a mountain side. He punishes the doomed being submitted to his charge by putting them in beds of boiling oil, sawing their bodies in two, pouring molten lead in their ears and such other little pranks as pulling out their tongues, toe and finger nails and gouging out their eyes. He is a heartless old fiend of the most fiendish kind and has many other exquisite little tortures laid up for the helpless wretch consigned to his "chamber of horrors."

The Cent Is Not Small.

With the exception of the English penny, the cent is the largest minimum unit of money in the civilized world. Roughly speaking, our cent is worth 2 kopecks, 2 cents Mexican, Chinese and East Indian, 2 atts or milliemes. It is two and a half times larger than the cent of the Netherlands or the kreutzer. There are 4 pies, ore, or pfennige to the cent or 5 bani, centesimi, lepta, heller, pennia, centimes or stotinki. A cent is worth 10 paras Turkish or 10 Japanese rin, 11 cash Chinese or 50 paras Servian. What the trolley car conductors of Servia say when tendered a five cent fare in paras would probably not be fit to print.

Madison's Mint Julep Bet.

Among the trees at the edge of the lawn on the right hand side of the house as you face the mountains James Madison built an icehouse. This was in 1809, and it was the first icehouse in Orange county, Va. Ice in summer! His servants were incredulous. And he bet his overseer an iced mint julep on the Fourth of July, against which the latter wagered a wild turkey. Of course Madison won the turkey.—Country Life In America.

The Common Mistake.

"Biggins says that when he went to school he was one of the brightest boys in his class."

"Yes," answered the sporting man; "that's where so many of us fall down—getting out of our class."—Washington Star.

A Vast Difference.

She—Mr. Riche says very bitter things about those lazy sons of his, but his wife is always making excuses for them. He—Yes, she makes excuses, but he has to make allowances for them. That's what angers him.

Thoughts go forth to purposes, purposes go forth in actions, actions form habits, habits decide character, and character fixes our destiny.—Tryon Edwards.

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Pennsylvania	$1.58
Pennsylvania, (second sand)	1.58
Tiona	1.68
New Castle	1.35
Corning	1.10
Cabell, (W. Va.)	1.18
North Lima	.94
South Lima	.89
Somerset, (Ky.)	.89
Indiana	.89
Kansas	.52
Ragean	.55

Huge Task.

It was a huge task, to undertake the cure of such a bad case of kidney disease, as that of C. F. Collier, of Cherokee, Ia., but Electric Bitters did it. He writes: "My kidneys were so far gone, I could not sit on a chair without a cushion; and suffered from dreadful backache, headache, and depression. In Electric Bitters, however, I found a cure and by them was restored to perfect health. I recommend this great tonic medicine to all with weak kidneys, liver or stomach. Guaranteed by H. F. Vortkamp, druggist; price 50c.

Cure For Sore Nipples.

As soon as the child is done nursing, apply Chamberlain's Salve. Wipe it off with a soft cloth before allowing the child to nurse. Many trained nurses use this with the best results. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by all druggists.

Coughs, Colds and Constipation.

Few people realize when taking cough medicines other than Foley's Honey and Tar, that they contain opiates which are constipating besides being unsafe, particularly for children. Foley's Honey and Tar contains no opiates, is safe and sure, and will not constipate. Don't be imposed upon by taking substitutes, some of them are dangerous. H. F. Vortkamp.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

A TIMELY TOPIC.

At this season of coughs and colds it is well to know that Foley's Honey and Tar is the greatest throat and lung remedy. It cures quickly and prevents serious results from a cold. H. F. Vortkamp.

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Be sure to be properly equipped—obtain the STEVENS and you CANNOT GO WRONG. We make

RIFLES . . . from $2.25 to $150.00
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Our attractive three-color Aluminum Hanger will be sent anywhere for 10 cents in stamps.

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TIME CARD.

In effect December 10th, 1905.

Limited trains leave Lima, Ohio, southbound, stopping at Wapakoneta, Sidney, Piqua, Troy, Tippecanoe City, at 8:35 a.m., 11:35 a.m., 2:35, 5:35 and 8:35 p.m.

Northbound Limited trains leave Dayton for Lima at 5:20, 8:20 and 11:20 a.m., 2:30 and 5:20 p.m.

This service consists of the elegant parlor cars "Harriet," "Jonathan" and "Miami" with movable library chairs, handsomely furnished and neatly fitted up throughout.

From the business portion of Lima to the business portion of Dayton in two and one-half hours without change of cars. The fastest trolley service in the world. This service affords a clean, comfortable ride, with entire freedom from dust, smoke and cinders. Baggage carried on all limited trains.

In addition to this limited service The Western Ohio Railroad Company operates cars serving the following cities and towns: Wapakoneta, Botkins, Anna, Sidney, Swanders, Lockington, Piqua, Moulton, St. Marys, Celina, New Bremen and Minster.

First car leaves Lima 6:13 a.m. and every hour thereafter until 8:13 p. m. The 10:13 p.m. car to St. Marys only. The 11:40 p.m. car to Wapakoneta only.

The first car leaves Piqua at 6:33 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 7:35 p. m. Also at 9:35 p. m. The 11:30 p. m. car to Wapakoneta only.

Cars leave Celina for Lima, making connection at St. Marys for New Bremen and Minster; also making direct connection at Wapakoneta for Botkins, Swanders, Sidney, Lockington, Piqua, at 6:00 a. m. and every hour thereafter until 8:00 p. m. Last car leaving Celina for Lima at 10:00 p. m.

Cars leave St. Marys for New Bremen and Minster at 5:10 a. m. and every hour and a half thereafter until 10:30 p. m. Last car from Minster to St. Marys at 11:07 p. m.

No excess fare on Limited Trains to through points provided tickets are purchased before entering the car.

Special Sunday excursion rates good going and returning same date from all points. Full information from all agents of

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By C. B. LEWIS

...ght, 1905, by E. A. Whitehead

...vere only thirty days between ...ating at West Point and his ... Fort Concho, and he was ...oy of twenty-one at that. ...ere at loose ends at the fort. ...el was away on leave with four other officers, there was ...ness among the troops, and ...ree infantrymen able to do ...e almost in a state of mutiny ... a general laxity of discipline ...fact that they had not been ...for four months. The arrival ...y lieutenant under the circum...was hooted at.

...issfield had been assigned to ... E, and he soon discovered ...captain was paying more at...a whisky and poker than to ... and that the worst men in ...seemed to be members of his ... He was told to go in and ...n the men out, but his first ...owed him that he had his hands ...y were sullen, uncivil and dis... and the young officer found ...almost helpless. He should ...n loyally backed by the non...oned officers; but, aside from ...rly sergeant, none gave him ...port. Indeed, the ringleader ... to be the second sergeant, ...r a few days it was realized ...l his influence was removed no ...ment in the morale of the com...d be looked for.

...idn't fret over it," replied the ...g captain when complaint was ... him. "We are at peace with ...ans, the weather is infernally ... the men are short of rations ... Let them take things easy ...le. They'll be feeling better by ...

...vas the Fort Concho way that ... but it was not what the young ...ad been taught at West Point. ...i knew that they had him at a ...tage, and they made things as ...ut as they could. They were ... the guardhouse by the half ...nly to be released next morn... their plea to the commander ...e officer had misunderstood ...hings went along in a bad way ...nth.

...pson," said the officer one day ...econd sergeant, "I want you to ...valk with me down by the cor...ant to have a little talk with ...

...sir," was the reply, without a ...n, sir."

The two were out of sight of ...acks and headquarters the lieu...alted and began to remove his ...ments. The sergeant watched ...a couple of minutes and then ...

... what is it?"

...u wish to remove any of your ... do it now. I have been told a ... times over that West Point ...don't go here, and now I'm go...ind out the reason why. You ...to be the leader, and it has be...question which of us is going ...hings."

...to be a scrapping match?"

...I shall be court martialed and ...ed for striking an officer."

...at all. I promise to make no ...at against you, and I presume ... company is hiding behind the ... over there and will be your ...s. Strip off."

...ll best you, sir."

...ou have got a 'sir' out at last. ...n't. Perhaps you will continue ...ove. If you best me there will ...mplaint. Are you ready?"

...irty or forty members of Com...who saw that scrap from a dis...ill talk about it all their lives. ...geant was the taller and heav...l he was a self taught boxer ...ought he knew all the tricks. ...ged by the lieutenant, he did ..., but at the end of a quarter of ... he was knocked out and had ...rried to his quarters. The first ...is comrades did was to swear ...her to secrecy. It had been a ...fight and the best man had won. ...side the officer said nothing, and ...rt was made to captain or com...

...' said the defeated champion ...e got on his feet again. "the ...game and shall have a square ...We want to quit making him ... and give him a show."

...was immediate improvement in ...rale of Company E, and things ...more satisfactorily for the next ...t. Then the wood choppers ...ut under guard to get a new ... of fuel among the hills three ...way. The guard was composed ... men, and the boy from West ...was in charge, with Sergeant ...son as second. There was peace ...land, and when the wagons had ... the hills every man laid aside ...ket and took up an ax.

...officer had received no instruc... He had not been told that a ...or a truce with the red man was ...farce and that a band of hos...ight seek to "jump" the outfit ...oment. He found a seat from ...he could overlook the work, and ... hour all went well. Then there ...sudden alarm. A band of thirty ...s crept up and opened fire, and ...ister and his four mules were ...by the volley.

...attack came so suddenly that ... officer lost his head. He issued ...nds and countermanded them ... his men in just the wrong posi... make defense. It was the ser...who cut in on him and straight...ings out, and after two men had ...ounded the little command was ... hand and fighting for its life. ...dians tried a flank movement. ...y officer issued commands, but ... wrong again. Had they been ... not a man would have saved his scalp. They were superseded by orders from the sergeant, and the fight went on. One man was killed and another wounded, and then the lieutenant would have had a retreat on the fort. The sergeant countermanded the order, and at the end of a quarter of an hour the baffled Indians withdrew. When it was known that they had withdrawn the West Pointer seemed to come to himself and realize that success was due to another, and he stepped aside and raised the revolver he had just reloaded.

"Here—what's this?" exclaimed the sergeant as he caught the weapon.

"I—I'm a disgraced man!" was the hoarse answer. "I got rattled. I issued wrong commands. But for you it would have been a wipe out."

"Put up that gun, lieutenant, and don't get crazy notions into your head. It's one of the hottest days we've had this summer. I was noticing you just before we got the alarm. The heat was affecting you. You are not used to this climate. Boys, come here!"

When the men had come forward he continued:

"Wasn't it pretty nigh a case of sunstroke with the lieutenant?"

"It was," they answered in chorus.

"But didn't he order us down behind the logs at once?"

"He did."

"Wouldn't the teamster have been all right if he had taken cover instead of trying to get away with his mules?"

"Aye, he would."

"But when I ordered you to fall back on the fort"— groaned the boy.

"You never ordered it."

"But when the Indians tried to flank us!"

"They didn't try it; we kept them too busy."

"Men," said the officer as he looked them over in a puzzled way, "was I rattled? For God's sake, tell me the truth!"

"No, sir. For a minute you were a bit dazed, but that was the sun's work."

"And I gave you the right orders? I didn't blunder?"

"Not a blunder, sir. If you had been an old veteran you couldn't have done better."

"I thought—I thought"—

"It was a great fight, sir. They were three to one, but we killed four of them and drove the rest like sheep. Now, then, boys, three cheers and a tiger for our bully boy officer!"

The lieutenant sat down on the ground and wept. He thought he had blundered and disgraced himself and ended his career, but he had won honors instead.

And when they had gathered up their dead and wounded and were wending their way toward the fort Sergeant Thompson looked from man to man with a queer look in his eyes, but a look that each one understood and nodded his head in reply.

A Cheerful Liar.

"Speaking of liars," said the truthful man. "I ran across one the other day who deserved the prize. The conversation had turned on gambling, and, as usual, every man had some story of wonderful luck. Then the modern Ananias butted in. 'It was in El Paso some years ago,' he said. 'I was younger in those days and gambled quite a bit. If I went broke it was all right, but if I won I wanted the whole pile. I strolled into a gambling house one night, walked to the roulette table and placed a ten dollar bill on No. 17, expecting, of course, to lose. The ball dropped in the No. 17 division, but I let the money remain on No. 17. Seventeen came a second time, but still I refused to pull my money down. It came a third time. Then I got cold feet and cashed in.' 'How much did you win?' I asked. 'Oh, I don't remember exactly,' he replied, 'but I came near breaking the bank.' I grabbed a pencil and a piece of paper and figured out that our friend had won $5,925,600, but it was not till I showed him the figures that he hedged."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Real Thinking Birds.

As a rule tree building birds do not adopt any particular protective measures for their nest, though some of them, by choosing a fork of a branch close to the stem, seem to shun observation. Very remarkable, therefore, is the story of the chaffinch and its nest in a red May bush. No special care was taken while the bush was only in leaf, but so soon as it began to put forth crimson blossoms the clever little builders added a piece or two of red Berlin wool at the only spot where their nest could be seen from below and thus effectually masked it to any but the most searching eye. It was established beyond question that no such red patch formed part of the original design, when it would necessarily have attracted notice among the fresh green leaves, so that it is evident that instinct near akin to reason led to this clever protective device.—London Telegraph.

Some Nature Hints.

There was a tender light on the girl's face as she stood looking at the sunset. The young man who was supposed to be enjoying the view with her, but who was in reality lost in rapturous contemplation of her, almost feared to breathe lest he should disturb the ecstasy of the moment for her. By and by she sighed a deep sigh of utter contentment and turned to him.

"Thank you so much for bringing me to this lovely place," she said. "I know now exactly what shade of blue goes with crimson, and I have the plan of a stunning afternoon gown in my mind."

His Advantage.

First Man—How do you do? Second Man—Beg pardon, but you have the advantage of me. First Man—Yes, I guess I have. We were engaged to the same girl, but you married her.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

All affectations of knowledge are more odious than any lack of knowledge can be.—Sprat.

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A Troubled One.

It is said that the expression "There is a skeleton in every closet" arose from the following incident: A young Italian student, finding he was dying, fearing to break the news to his mother, adopted the following device: He informed her that he was ill and that it had been foretold he would not recover until he had worn a shirt made by a woman who had no trouble. The widow soon discovered it was no easy task to find such a person, but at length was referred to a lady who seemed surrounded with every comfort and happiness and possessed a husband who seemed devoted to her. The widow made known her request and for an answer was shown a closet where a skeleton hung suspended from a beam. She was told it was the remains of the lady's former lover, who from motives of jealousy had been slain by her husband, and that he compelled her to visit it every day. The widow concluded that no one was without trouble, that "there is a skeleton in every closet," and became reconciled to the approaching loss of her son.

Washington's Birthday.

The first known celebration of Washington's birthday was on Feb. 11, 1784. The old style date was still adhered to. This was during the lifetime of the first president and completed his fifty third year. The following is from the Pennsylvania Packet of Philadelphia of the date of Tuesday, Feb. 17, 1784: "New York, Friday, Feb. 13. Wednesday last being the birthday of his excellency General Washington the same was celebrated by all the true friends of American independence and constitutional liberty with that hilarity and manly decorum ever attendant on the sons of freedom. In the evening an entertainment was given on board the East India ship in this harbor to a very brilliant and respectable company, and a discharge of thirteen cannon was fired on the joyful occasion." The observance of the day was not confined to New York city.

Newton's Telescope.

Newton fashioned a concave mirror from a mixture of copper and tin, which gives a surface with almost the luster of silver. An image of the star was produced in the focus of this mirror, and then this image when examined by a magnifying eyepiece permits the astronomer to study the star at what is equivalent to a greatly reduced distance. Such is the principle of the famous erecting telescope which bears the name of Newton. The little reflector which he constructed is still preserved as one of the treasures of the Royal society. The telescope tube had the very modest dimensions of an inch in diameter. It was, however, the precursor of a whole series of magnificent instruments, each outstripping the other in magnitude.

A Soft Answer.

Here is a story about Sir Patrick Talbot, sergeant at arms in the house of lords. He had been private secretary to the great Lord Derby when prime minister and afterward married one of his daughters. One day when a large party was present at Knowlsey Lord Derby burst out at table with the remark, "It's a curious thing one never knows what a lot of fools there are in England until one becomes prime minister." Thereupon Talbot, at the other end of the table, said, "Yes, and one never knows what a fool a prime minister may be until one becomes his private secretary." Lord Derby's reply was, "Thank you, Pat."—Dundee Advertiser.

The children's jubilee of good health follows the use of Bee's Laxative Honey and Tar, the cough syrup that expels all cold from the system by acting as a cathartic on the bowels. A certain remedy for Croup, Whooping Cough and all lung and bronchial affections. Sold by H. F. Vortkamp.

Vultures and a Dead Tiger.

The vulture is seen at its best when a dead tiger, brought into camp to be skinned, is exposed in the open. Overhead is a cloudless sky, and not a bird to be seen in that great void by the human eye. The tiger's body is thrown from the pad to the ground, and before the skin has been removed there above one and always nearing the earth are the vultures circling, poising like things of air, now a dozen of them, in a few minutes a score or two and then a hundred strong. Then, when the flayed carcass of the tiger is left by those who skinned it, the vultures descend. Down they come like feathered thunder out of the sky, and from east and west and north and south, the very embodiment of power while they whirled aloft and in their quick descent to earth, and now, as they waddle around that carrion beast, misshapen ghouls, whose only apparent strength is that of the ravening jaws which tear and gorge the tiger's flesh, until within the hour naught of that splendid brute remains but a clean picked skeleton.—Sir Edward Braddon's "Thirty Years of Shikar."

A Rank Pessimist.

A Lady Bountiful living in a suburban village met an old man on the road one day and asked after his family, his health, etc. The old man gave a rather gloomy account of things. He had to work all day and every day, and he was growing old and felt the cold and was always tired. He wished he could rest a bit after his long life of labor. He was weary, very weary.

Lady Bountiful reminded him gently that every one had his share of work to do in this world, and that it was all only a preparation of the world to come, where there will be no tears or labor.

The old man shook his head and smiled cynically.

"That may be for the likes of you," he said. "But there'll be work for the likes of me. It will be the same thing there: 'John, clean the sun.' 'John, hang out the moon.' 'John, light the stars.' 'John, stop the wind.' They will find something for me to do, ma'am—you'll see."

A Wonderful Ride.

The most wonderful straightaway ride ever made by man was the gallop of Francis Xavier Aubrey, ci-devant Canadian voyageur and a famous pony express rider, from Santa Fe, N. M., to Independence, Mo., in 1853—800 miles in five days and thirteen hours. In 1852 he had covered the same distance in a little over eight days, and his record was on the wager of $1,000 that he "could do it in an even eight." In the whole distance he did not stop to rest, and he changed horses only with every 100 or 200 miles. He was a stocky French Canadian, light hearted, genial, adventurous and absolutely fearless. For some time he was an overland freighter, and he also made the enormously difficult and dangerous drive of a flock of sheep from New Mexico to California across the deserts of the Colorado. He was killed in Santa Fe.—McClure's Magazine.

Early Autograph Hunters.

A certain Atossa in early Roman days seems to have been the mother of autograph collectors. Cicero had a collection, which must have been a fine one, for he speaks of it with particular pride. The fever, even in those far back days, was contagious. Pliny speaks of Pompeius Secundus, at whose house he had seen autographs of Cicero, Augustus, Virgil and the Gracchi, and his own collection was valued at $15,000 of our money. Then came the inrush of barbarians, and we do not again meet with the collector until the beginning of the sixteenth century, when he reappears in the person of a Bohemian squire, who kept a book to record his exploits in the chase and enriched it with the signatures of his great hunter friends.

When Death Cools His Sting.

There is a curious superstition in Jamaica that if a death occurs in the house all the water in it is poisoned at once and must be thrown away, the reason given being that "death" cools his "sting" after destroying life in the first water he finds, and as no one can tell—death being invisible—what jar he may choose it is safest to throw it all away. Careful people to save trouble even carry all water out of the house immediately before a death is expected.

Already Well Made.

"Miss Deepley does make some of the most inapt quotations," remarked Bragg.

"Yes?" queried Newitt. "What, for instance?"

"Well, last night I remarked that I always avoided political discussion because I didn't want to make a fool of myself, and she said, 'One cannot paint the lily or gild refined gold.'"—Philadelphia Press.

She Paid on the Investment.

"Here," complained the aggrieved father, "I have spent nearly $15,000 on that girl's education, and now she goes and marries a $2,500 a year clerk."

"Well," said the friend of the family, "isn't that all of 15 per cent on your investment? What more do you want?"

Carelessness.

The Young Doctor—Just think, six of my patients recovered this week. The Old Doctor—It's your own fault, my boy. You spend too much time at the club.

Means of Success.

Stern Father—He who sows the wind reaps the whirlwind. Prodigal Son—Well, he raises the wind anyway.

The way of the world is to praise dead saints and persecute living ones.—Howe.

CASTORIA.

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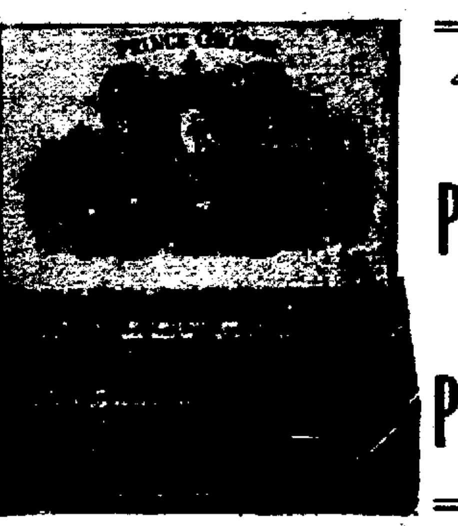

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Cutting a Cameo.

It is said that the stone from which cameos are cut—onyx and sardonyx—is so plentiful on the Uruguay river, in Brazil, that ships often take it away as ballast. Nevertheless perfect pieces of large size are costly, a piece suitable for a large portal costing as much as $75. This stone is preferred for cameos because of its hardness and durability and is suitable for such work owing to the fact that it comes in layers of contrasting color, as black and white, black and cream or red and white. When the cut figure is sunk into the stone instead of being raised the cutting is called an intaglio. The cost of these gems is due to the time and skill required in the work. Formerly a small gem might occupy an artist for a year or more, but with modern appliances the work can be done much more rapidly. Still the ancient work bears the palm for artistic excellence. The cutting is now done by holding the stone against a revolving drill whose soft steel face is covered with diamond dust. No steel is hard enough to cut the stone. The utmost patience and caution and delicate handling are required, as the slightest slip may be fatal to the work.

Curran In the Coffee House.

John Philpot Curran, the famous Irish lawyer, ranks among the wittiest men the Emerald Isle has ever produced. His wit, however, was sometimes turned against himself by the intended victim, the following story, taken from the volume of biographical reminiscences entitled "Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle," furnishing an amusing example of how Curran was once outdone:

A brisk young widow in some part of Ireland used to preside at the table of a coffeehouse patronized by Curran. Her name was Honor, and one day there was some disputed charge.

Curran slyly winked at the friend who happened to be dining with him and proposed "honor and honesty."

"By all means," added the widow briskly, holding her glass to be filled, "let us drink to Mr. Curran's absent friends."

Daisies Follow Railways.

"Buttercups and daisies follow railroads the world over," said an engineer. "In India, in central Asia, in Brazil, the parallel rails run continually between meadows white and yellow with home flowers. In the construction of all foreign railways American or English engineers have a hand. These men know that good home grass is the best thing for holding together the earth on embankments. Grass is tough and lasting. It strikes root so easily that it practically cements the most flimsy earthworks. So grass seed from home is sown on railway embankments all over the world by the home engineers helping to build them, and thus in the most tropical places, among gorgeous orchids and palms and giant cacti, you will see mile after mile of wholesome, clean home grass, studded with white daisies and yellow buttercups."

The Curse of Scotland.

Among the reasons why the nine of diamonds has been called the curse of Scotland are the following:

Diamonds, nine of, called the curse of Scotland, from a Scotch member of parliament, part of whose family arms is the nine of diamonds, voting for the introduction of the malt tax into Scotland.—"Chronology; or, The Historian's Companion," Fourth Edition, by Thomas Tegg, London, 1826.

There is a George Campbell mentioned in Burton's "History of Scotland" as having caused the nine of diamonds to be called the curse of Scotland because he stole nine diamonds out of the royal crown in the reign of Mary Stuart, in consequence of which all Scotland was taxed.

Canaries.

Sometimes a canary's coat gets a pale, sickly yellow. Give him half an ounce of ground red pepper such as is used on your table and let the bird eat it as he likes. In a week he'll turn a beautiful orange color. Bird lice are troublesome at times. A pinch of powdered saffron put under the wings will drive away the pests. Gravel in the cage every day and a dish of tepid water for a bath every other day are indispensable to the singer's health and happiness.

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N. E. Corner Main *and* North.

Resigned.

"Now," said the physician who is noted for his heavy charges, "I must take your temperature."

"All right," responded the patient in a tone of utter resignation. "You've got about everything else I own. There's no reason why you shouldn't take that too."—Paris Journal.

Reassured.

"You haven't married me just to spite somebody else, have you?" she asked, looking anxiously up into his honest blue eyes.

"No, dear," he absentmindedly replied. "I took you for your money alone."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Two Loves.

"But, Emma, how can you prefer the plain and shabbily dressed Julius to my elegant and handsome brother?"

"That is quite simple. Your brother is in love with himself, and Julius with me."—Paris Journal.

Rich.

"I suppose your idea of a rich man is one who has everything he wants?"

"No; it's one who has everything I want."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Rudest Man of His Age.

John Hunter, the famous British surgeon, anatomist, physiologist and medical writer, who died in 1793, was one of the rudest men of his age. He returned home late one evening from his round of professional calls and found his wife entertaining a few friends. Grimly he walked into the center of the room, stopped and looked around. "I knew nothing of this kick up," he said, "and ought to have been informed. As I have returned home for the purpose of studying, I hope the present company will retire at once." They retired.

Denmark Claims Nelson.

The Danes maintain that Admiral Nelson was one of their race, despite the fact that he was born in England. They point out that the name is Danish and that many Danes were settlers in East Anglia. They consoled themselves over their defeat at the battle of Copenhagen with the thought that the victor was one of their own race. At least one Scandinavian historian refers to his family as "one of the most brilliant examples of noble English families descended from the Northmen."

Discouraging.

At the close of an address during an electioneering campaign in Ireland questions were invited. A man was making for the platform when he received a whack over the head with a stick. He was stunned and had to be carried out amid an uproar. When order was restored the chairman rose and blandly asked:

"Is there any other gentleman who would like to ask a question?"

Needless to say, there was not.

Curiosity.

Irate Parent (who has been trying to satisfy John's curiosity on every known subject under the sun)—Now, Johnnie, if you ask me another question I'll whip you on the spot. Johnnie (whose undying curiosity overcomes even the dread of punishment)—Wh-wh-what spot, papa?

A Freak of Death Valley.

Saratoga springs is one of the freaks of Death valley and has probably caused more profanity than anything else in the region. The waters are as clear as crystal, and they bubble up from a deep, sandy basin like a wellspring of joy. But they are strongly impregnated with sulphur and other minerals, are tepid in temperature and act instantly like an emetic upon any one who drinks them.

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All stock exchanges are closed and there is a cessation of the Lawson Standard fight for the day.

Start the new year with anger and worry eliminated from your mental make-up, and the end of the year will find you better in every respect.

The new council will be republican and Campbell, Halfhill and Canfield should not be afraid to trust their request for a lighting franchise to it.

An electric lighting franchise such as was read before council last Monday night would, if passed, be the most valuable Christmas present given in Lima this year.

CONVICTS HIMSELF.

The leading editorial in yesterday's Republican-Gazette began as follows:

"The democratic organ that has universally sided with monopoly, and opposed nearly every enterprise coming to Lima; that killed the new union depot," etc.

With a full measure of the spirit that dominates everybody at this season of the year, we thank Bro. Campbell for his statement that the Times Democrat "killed the new union depot," which the traction companies proposed to build on the public square, but we are unable to see how that kindly declaration of his harmonizes with the initial words of his opening sentence wherein he says: "The democratic organ that has universally sided with monopoly."

We'll let it go at that, considering it sufficient to have convicted him out of his own mouth.

EVIDENCE NEEDED.

"This council (the present one) is expected to finish up all the business before it, if it has to hold all day and all night sessions, and it will do it bravely and not shirk responsibility."

Thus declared the Republican-Gazette yesterday.

Will Brother Campbell please answer the following questions.

What motive was there behind the introduction of this new lighting ordinance within two weeks of the time when the life of the present council was to end?

Why was a secret caucus of the council called last Monday evening by President Newson to consider the ordinance, and at which enough members were induced to agree to rush it through at the council meeting to be held that evening?

If the ordinance had merit, why was a secret caucus held over it?

If it was not an attempt to get something for nothing, why did the members of council when the ordinance reached the light of day, become ashamed of their caucus action and vote not to suspend the rules and pass the ordinance? Does the editor of the Gazette think the ordinance looked good in fact?

Our proposition that Halfhill and Canfield do certain things as an evidence of good faith, is just what any good business man would demand of a contractor who was undertaking the construction of a plant as costly as a new electric lighting plant for Lima.

Every other city in the country is demanding monentary evidence—cash and bond for the carrying out of contract franchises and the editor of the Gazette knows it.

We insist that Halfhill and Canfield, if they are in earnest, and mean to give to Lima an electric plant, should not hesitate to:

Deposit ten thousand dollars in cash and give an indemnity bond of twenty-five thousand dollars that they will construct a plant of sufficient capacity to supply the whole city, and within a specified time.

Deposit one thousand dollars with the city treasurer, and maintain the deposit at that figure to keep the streets they tear up in repair.

Put all lines in conduits underneath the ground.

Give to the city a certain per cent of the gross earnings each year.

If they have money enough, or as they say they can get three hundred thousand dollars of local capital to put in it, it would not financially embarrass work on the construction of the plant if they were to put up a cash and bond guarantee of good faith. When the work is completed, they would get their money back, all save the thousand dollar street repairing fund.

Make the gentlemen show their hand, you fellows just going out of council.

100 Doses For One Dollar

Economy in medicine must be measured by two things—cost and effect. It cannot be measured by either alone. It is greatest in that medicine that does the most for the money—that radically and permanently cures at the least expense. That medicine is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

it purifies and enriches the blood, cures pimples, eczema and all eruptions, tired, languid feelings, loss of appetite and general debility.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it reliable and giving perfect satisfaction. It takes away that tired feeling, gives energy and puts the blood in good condition." MISS EFFIE COLONNE, 1535 10th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

NERVOUSNESS.

Its Causes, Its Cure and Its Evil Effects if Unchecked.

There are five causes of nervousness: (a) Low vitality of the nervous system; (b) the faculties of self mastery being weak; (c) loss of sleep; (d) the use of improper foods and drinks, (e) association with erratic, excitable, nervous, idiotic, insane, cynical and pessimistic people.

When the life force is constantly leaving the body at the finger tips, at the feet, through the eyes, at the knees, at the hands and at the elbows a person becomes nervous. In order to overcome these losses a person should learn to control every movement. A restless foot, an uneasy eye, a swinging leg, involuntary motions, a trembling voice, an uneasy step, jerky actions, anger, irritability, pessimism, sudden starts, etc., are signs of nervousness. Unless a person develops his faculties of self mastery, unless he increases vitality of the nervous system, unless he gets the sleep which is necessary each and every day, unless he eats the right kind of foods and drinks the right kind of drinks and unless he associates with the right kind of people he will become more nervous. Lastly he will become a physical and mental wreck. He will become old looking and haggard. He will die before his time.—Human Culture.

HER KITCHEN FLOOR.

A Story and a Bit of Sarcasm About New England.

Unless you happen to have been born in New England I suppose it is impossible for you to appreciate what a floor really means to a conscientious housekeeper. I met a middle aged woman up in New Hampshire one summer who had the floor worship fetich to a really abnormal degree. The last thing she did every night after turning the cat out and locking the windows was to scrub the kitchen floor, the idea being, I suppose, that if the house burned down in the night the neighbors should not be able to find any spots to convict her of untidiness.

One night it happened that her husband was busy in the barn, and, forgetting that he had not come in, she manicured the floor. She had scarcely finished when he was heard at the kitchen steps. He couldn't come in by the front door because that was sealed to keep out dust, and his wife simply wasn't going to have him tracking over her clean floor, so she made him sleep in the barn. He had plenty of clean hay to sleep on, and he was perfectly comfortable.

Men are scarce in New England, I understand. I don't doubt a bit that they've been killed off to save the floors.—Washington Post.

LONDON COSTER GIRLS.

They Must Sport Ostrich Plumes on Their Holiday Outings.

Ostrich plumes are as much a necessity to the London coster girl on her outings as are the pearl buttons to her masculine companion, and the big trimmed hats with their drooping feathers are familiar in all gatherings of this class.

Many of the girls cannot afford to keep their money tied up in useless plumes, and there thrives a brisk industry in the hiring of these feathers. The loan of a single plume for a day costs but 1 shilling, or for 4 shillings a gorgeous trio may be had for an outing, to be returned promptly the next morning.

Weather conditions determine the terms somewhat, since a wet or foggy day will take the curl out of the feathers and make recurling necessary, for which "'Arriet" has to pay an extra shilling. On a bank holiday some shops rent out several hundred plumes, while on other occasions there is a steady trade with young women who wish to adorn themselves for an outing.—London Standard.

Fooling Thackeray.

It is related that when he first visited Ireland Thackeray took a drive on a Dublin car some distance into the country. Milestones had recently been erected along the roads, and on each was printed the number of miles with the letters "G. P. O.," distances being measured from the general postoffice. Thackeray was unaware of this and in his thirst for information asked the carman what the letters meant. The prompt reply was, "God preserve O'Connell." Thackeray believed what he was told, but the incident only appeared in the first edition of his book.

For a mild, easy action of the bowels, a single dose of Doan's Regulets is enough. Treatment cures habitual constipation. 25 cents a box. Ask your druggist for them.

AN ANCIENT VOLUME.

Old Playbook of Jefferson's Grandfather Rescued From Scrap Heap.

Before me lies an ancient playbook rescued from the scrap heap of a junk dealer. It contains three small pamphlets hand stitched with coarse linen thread—"The Emperor of the Moon, as performed at the Patagonian Theater, London;" "Damon and Pulilida, with the Musick prefix'd to each Song," and "English Readings, a Comic Piece in one Act." They are dated 1777, 1765 and 1787. On the frontispiece of each playlet is inscribed a signature—J. Jefferson. The autographs have so nearly faded into the yellow dimness of the time stained paper that it is not possible they could have been written by the genial comedian of our day. Each signature is evidently as old as the book itself.

One day, curious as to the ownership of the little volume, I submitted it to the late Joseph Jefferson. He turned the yellowed pages slowly and with much interest, studying attentively the autograph inscribed here and there through the book.

"It is undoubtedly," he said, "a stray volume from the library of my grandfather. Like my own library, it was bound to have many playbooks in it. He may have used it in London and brought it with him when he came to America in 1797. The playbills of those days abounded in a medley of short pieces such as you find in this little volume. What interests me most, however, is the curious likeness I find in the autograph of my grandfather to my own writing. The characters are smaller, and some letters are unlike. Still there is a family resemblance, somewhat like that handed down in face and figure.—Lippincott's Magazine.

A CAT'S AMUSING TRICK.

Puss Found a Way to Keep Her Appointments.

"My cat," says a writer in the Chicago Tribune, "is twelve years old and an ordinary tabby. Since it was delicate as a kitten, I always let it sleep in the kitchen on the ground floor, from which a large window overlooks a yard. In this window is one pane which opens separately by means of a latch.

"When it was about two years old the cat, no doubt finding the night long, taught itself to open this pane and get out through it. At first when the cook told me about it I was incredulous, knowing that servants have a way of making the cat responsible for any little negligence of their own, but as the window was found open every morning I was bound to believe it. Since then I have seen the cat do the trick a hundred times, for, once it knew that we had discovered it at it, it no longer made a secret of it. Its way of doing it was to jump upon the inner window sill, push the latch upward with the tip of its nose and pull the frame back with its paw. It did this as easily as a human being would do it with the hand.

"The most amusing part is that one of this cat's descendants, perceiving that its mother knew the secret of getting outside, taught itself the same trick in quite a short time. This kitten opened any sideboard or cupboard in which the key had not been turned by pulling the door toward it with the greatest dexterity."

The Seal's Sense of Smell.

The sense of smell possessed by the seals is very strong and will invariably wake them out of a sound sleep, even if you come upon them ever so quietly to the windward, and you will alarm them in this way much more thoroughly, though you be a half mile distant, than if you came up carelessly from the leeward and even walked in among them, they seeming to feel that you are not different from one of their own species until they smell you. The chief attraction in these animals is their large, handsome eyes, which indicate great intelligence. They are a deep bluish black, with a soft, glistening appearance, and the pupil, like the cat's, is capable of great dilation and contraction.

Curious Manx Custom.

On July 5 every year all the officials of the Isle of Man, including the clergy in their surplices, walk to the top of Tynwald hill, and from the top of it the laws made during the year are promulgated in Manx and English. This promulgation of the laws on Tynwald hill is as necessary as the royal assent to the validity of all laws passed by the Manx legislature. This is one of the many relics which the old Norsemen left behind, and it dates so far back that its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity.—Liverpool Mercury.

Getting It Right.

A schoolteacher instructing her classes in grammar wrote this sentence on the board for correction: "The horse and the cow is in the lot." No one seemed to know what was wrong with it till at last a polite little boy raised his hand. "What is it, Johnny?" asked the teacher. "You should put the lady first," corrected Johnny.

Logic.

"Now, then," thundered the temperance orator, "what causes most of the crime in this world? Drink! And what causes drink?"

"Thirst!" cried a voice in the rear of the hall.—Philadelphia Press.

The Simple Life.

"To what extent do you believe in the simple life?"

"By never indulging in those things that you do not care for."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Roman censors often fined bachelors, and men of full age were required to marry.

Beautifying methods that injure the skin and health are dangerous. Be beautiful without discomfort by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. Sunshiny faces follow its use. 35 cents. H. F. Vortkamp.

VALUE OF OLD MEN.

Those of Threescore Years Said to Be Most Useful Citizens.

America is the young man's country, we are told, because so many of the conspicuous figures among us are young men. The thing is said conventionally, as if there were some moral virtue in being young; as if, too, the greatest tragedy in American history was not the death some forty years ago of half a million men in the prime of life, which deprived our generation of its wisest counselors. Experience is the only school which gives a degree honored of all men, and a man of threescore, with the vigor of life still in him, should be the most useful citizen of a community. The awful catastrophe at Baltimore furnished a splendid instance. The conflagration had been raging for twelve hours. Chief Horton of the fire department had been disabled by a live wire. The fighters were without a head. Then William C. McAfee, veteran fire chief, retired for age and accounted an old man, offered his services to the mayor. They were accepted. Donning his oilskins and grabbing his trumpet, the old chief went into action. At once the men knew they had a leader. They needed one. The fire was roaring down to the river bank, where were some great resin works filled with turpentine. And as they went so must go East Baltimore.

"There will be the deuce to pay if the fire gets into that resin," yelled McAfee through his trumpet. "If enough of you men will follow me, we'll go in there and dump the whole outfit into the bay."

They followed the leader, and they saved East Baltimore.—Leslie's Monthly.

TREE PLANTING.

Some Valuable Pointers That Are Well Worth Remembering.

First cut off smoothly the broken root ends which are over half an inch in diameter; next trim the top if it cannot be easily reached from the ground after planting. With an oak or other hardwood tree cut back severely, reducing the number of buds 60 per cent to 80 per cent. If the leader is cut off, a tree later forms two leaders, which are apt to split the trunk and ruin the tree.

After the hole has been prepared it should be partially refilled, so that the trees are at their natural level. Spread the roots out straight. Work fine, mellow soil under the center of the tree. In the case of fine roots it may be necessary to do this with the fingers. With coarse, fibrous roots the earth can be packed in with a pointed stick.

Next see that the tree stands vertically. The simplest way is to stand off, then hold up the shovel so that it forms a plumb bob and take a sight. Then stand around and look at the tree from a direction at right angles to the first line of sight, seeing that the trunk stands erect on both lines. Packing the earth firmly around the center will hold it in position in most instances.

Watering fall planted trees is rarely necessary, as the ground will generally have sufficient moisture.—Garden Magazine.

Blind Men and Smoking.

"Why is it that a blind man never smokes?" asked Smith the other day.

"Because he would not know whether he was pulling on a lighted cigar or an unlighted one," replied Jones. "If a man shuts his eyes he can't tell whether he is smoking or not, unless he inhales his smoke. The inhaler is generally able to feel it passing through the double flues of his chimney nose. But I have seen the experiment made of blindfolding a smoker who doesn't inhale and then placing a lighted and unlighted cigar in his mouth alternately. He was never able to say when he was smoking. He was absolutely unconscious of the cloud of blue vapor that was blown from his mouth when he had the lighted Havana between his teeth. A man has to see it in order to enjoy a smoke."

An Odd Prescription.

Dr. William Osler in one of his Baltimore lectures recited a quaint old cure for the gout—a cure from a seventeenth century work that was designed to show gout's hopelessness.

"First, pick," said this odd cure, "a handkerchief from the pocket of a spinster of thirty-five who never wished to wed; second, wash the handkerchief in an honest miller's pond; third, dry it on the hedge of a person who was never covetous; fourth, send it to the shop of a physician who never killed a patient; fifth, mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client, and, sixth, apply it hot to the gout tormented part. A speedy cure will follow."

A Little Ambiguous.

Mr. Gladstone was much bothered by young, unknown authors, who sent him their published works for his judgment. So his secretary was instructed to use this ingenious formula of acknowledgment: "My Dear Sir—Mr. Gladstone instructs me to say that he is in receipt of your book, for which he returns thanks. Be assured that he will lose no time in perusing it."

Very Necessary.

First Doctor—Is an operation necessary in this case? Second Doctor—Well, rather. Just look at this suit of clothes I've worn it three years.—Judge.

No Relief.

Teacher—Now, Willie, if you had 2 cents and Mary should give you two more, can you tell me the result? Willie—I'd still be financially embarrassed.

An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.—Franklin.

It makes no difference how long you have been sick, if you are troubled with indigestion, constipation, liver and kidney troubles, Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will make you well. 35 cents. H. F. Vortkamp.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

Scalp Should Be Cleaned Carefully and a Soft Brush Used.

Dr. George W. Spencer, writing in the American Physician on the care of the hair and scalp, says:

"Boys and men think they have to have their scalps and hair scrubbed with soap and water and then dried by violently rubbing with a rough towel or submitted to a most wonderfully beneficial preparation, called a shampoo, which leaves the scalp in a tender and congested condition favorable for infection and sensitive atmospheric changes.

"The cleaning of the scalp should be very carefully and tenderly performed, using warm water with a mild soap, rubbing in gently and with the ends of the fingers, then rinsing with tepid water and drying by gently pressing the hair and scalp with a very dry towel, continuing until thoroughly dry, or, better still, dry it by fanning. If any application is necessary to bring hair thus dried into shape, dampen with a bichloride of mercury solution of one two-thousandths.

"Ordinarily this thorough cleaning need not be done oftener than once a week, and in the interim the hair needs only to be brushed with a soft brush without allowing the brush to scratch the scalp.

"The stiff brush, and especially that most injurious of all brushes, the military brush, which is frequently used for months several times daily until it becomes filled with dirt, can only be of great injury to the scalp because of the vigorous scratching as well as breaking the hair."

ANGRY AT THE MOON.

Untaught Deaf Mutes Resent Its Apparent Attitude Toward Them.

The moon appears to be the center of every untaught deaf mute's cosmogony. With only one exception that I have been able to find, untaught deaf mutes all resent the moon's apparent supervisory attitude toward them.

"When I went to my bedroom the moon shined in and laughed at me. I didn't like it. I shook my fist at the moon."

"When I went to walk the moon chased me. I hated the moon. I made faces at the moon."

As a stimulant to undesirable emotions, the moon must exert considerable influence upon the moral life of the uneducated deaf. One little boy obeyed the impulse it is human to feel when persistently nagged. He tried to kill the nagger.

"The moon went wherever I did. I hated the moon, and I was afraid of it. My mother and I went to call on Mrs. Smith across the Potomac river. I was afraid of the moonbeams on the water. I said in signs that I was afraid to cross the bridge. My mother covered my eyes with her handkerchief so I could not see the moonbeams on the water. She held my hand tight. I asked Emma Smith to let me take John's gun. She put cap and powder on the gun. I shooted at the moon. The gun made fire and smoke. The moon went behind clouds. I thought I had killed the wicked moon. I was very glad that the moon was dead."—Sarah Harvey Porter in Reader.

Two Freaks of Nature.

Two contrasting freaks of nature are the Island of Fire and the Lake of Snow. The Island of Fire is called the Home of Hot Devils. It is situated in the midst of a large lake of boiling mud in the island of Java. The steam and gases which arise from the sticky mud form themselves into bubbles attaining the diameter of five or six feet and sailing high up in the air like balloons, carried hither and thither by the wind and finally exploding with a loud crash.

The biggest snow lake is seen from the summit of Hispar pass, in the Karakoram range. It is more than 300 square miles in area. In Switzerland the sea of ice might better be called the sea of snow, as the surface is broken up by solar heat, which makes a minute fissuring in the ice, giving it the appearance of snow.

Catching Pheasants.

There are more ways of catching birds than by putting salt on their tails. One of the oddest and at the same time most successful is the use of a lime smeared paper bag used for capturing pheasants. The slender, conical shaped bag is fastened to a twig after the coating of lime has been put on the inside and a few peas are dropped in for bait. Attracted by the peas, Mr. Pheasant thrusts his head into the mouth of the trap, and, presto, he cannot withdraw it, so must walk around thus decorated until finally he drops dead from suffocation.

Slow Progress.

"Yes, indeed," said young Kallow, "I'm raising a mustache; been nursing it for a month. Never raised one before, y' know, and I'm rather curious about what color it will be when it's full grown."

"Well," replied Miss Peppery, "at that rate it will probably be gray."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Citing an Exception.

"Art," said the moralizer, "can never successfully imitate nature."

"Oh, I don't know," rejoined the demoralizer. "How about artificial ice?"—Chicago News.

Uncomplimentary.

"Ah, Miss Ethel, I can read your inmost thoughts, y'know."

"Oh, Mr. Chumpleigh, then please don't get insulted!"

Not Selfish.

He—Do you believe in every man for himself? She—Oh, no! I believe in every man for some woman.

Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is simply liquid electricity. It goes to every part of your body, bringing new blood, strength and new vigor. It makes you well and keeps you well. 35 cents. H. F. Vortkamp.

HOUSE GOWN IN CREAM MOHAIR.

Somewhat elaborate interpretations of the shirt-waist style are popular this season for house dresses. They are naturally in the light shades and in the semi-weight fabrics. Such a one is illustrated in cream white mohair, the skirt of the new circular cut with three tiny box plaits forming a front panel, these stitched down flat quite to the knee. The waist is of the easy blouse order, with the bib-shaped chemisette of fine net outline, with an embroidered band, the edges of which are of brown velvet ribbon. The embroidery is the work of the fair wearer and shows a fine pompadour rose in pinks and greens, a charming contrast with the brown velvet. The same embroidery and velvet finishes the cape-like collar that droops over the full sleeves, and the elbow cuffs are likewise embroidered. The deep feather-bone girdle is of panne velvet.

Cured Beyond All Question.

There were cures for drunkenness in the early days of this country, and from this account in the New York Gazette of May 7, 1772, we are told of a treatment that cured one patient beyond all possible question: "On Saturday last Mr. Montanny's negro man, who had misbehaved himself and was a remarkable drunkard, was sent to Bridewell and underwent the usual discipline of the house for such offenses—viz, a plentiful dose of warm water and salt to operate as an emetic and of lamp oil as a purge, in proportion to the constitution of the patient. Of these he took about three quarts of the one and two and a half spoonfuls of the other; also a gill of New England rum, which operated very powerfully, attended with a violent sickness which obliged him to lie down, and between 8 and 9 at night he was discovered to be dead. He died of excessive drinking, co-operating with discipline and medicine. Mr. Dobbs, the operator, was innocent of his taking off."

Indian Names.

There is an impression quite fixed in the popular mind that the Indian gets his proper name from some trait, peculiarity or deed done. The fact is every Indian child is given a name when it is a baby, or papoose. The person who does the naming is usually a medicine man or some functionary. When he sets about naming the child he lets the first thought that comes to his mind or the first thing that he sees suggest the name. One saw a man having a struggle with a horse, in which the horse had the better of it. The child got the name Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse. Another, looking out of a wigwam, saw clouds reddened by the setting sun and named the child Red Cloud. Another, it is probable, put his head out of the door of the wigwam, felt some drops of rain on his face and named the child Rain-in-the-Face. These names lose their pleasing sound and beauty and some of their meaning when translated into English.—Utica Observer.

The Wary Wild Duck.

A full grown wild duck is one of the most wary of all wild creatures. A waterman may be working all day long with shovel and pickax, says the author of "Bird Life and Bird Lore," barely a stone's throw from a large flock of widgeon and wild ducks, and they will not notice him, for they know that he means them no harm. But let a sportsman enter the meadows and hide his gun ever so carefully and make himself ever so small, it is ten to one that they will rise in a cloud when he is some four gunshots away from them and take themselves off to a place of greater safety.

He Was No Settler.

"I suppose that old chap with the long white whiskers over there is one of your old settlers, isn't he?" said the grocery drummer.

No Opium in Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

There is not the least danger in giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to small children as it contains no opium or other harmful drug. It has an established reputation of more than thirty years as the most successful medicine in use for colds, croup and whooping cough. It always cures and is pleasant to take. Children like it. Sold by all druggists.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

WANTS, FOR RENT, LOST, FOR SALE, ETC.

Advertisements occupying four lines or less will be inserted in this column for 25 cents for one insertion, or 50 cents for three insertions, the order to be accompanied by the cash.

WANTED—Machinists, vise, lathe and planer hands and machine operators. J. M. Manley, 206 west 7th street, Cincinnati, O. 45-12t-e-o-d

WANTED—Girls to learn the cigar making trade. Will be well paid while learning. After the trade has been acquired can earn from $7.00 to $12.00 per week, depending entirely on speed of worker. Apply at once at the office of the Deisel-Wemmer Co., Lima, O. 59-tf

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Property on Lake street. Call 636K old phone. 2-tf

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—40 acres of land adjoining the city of Lima. The most convenient pasturage in Lima. Plenty of water upon the premises. Enquire of O. B. Selfridge at Times-Democrat office. 62-tf

FOR RENT—Modern houses, fine conditions, west North street $12.50; Baxter street $19; Pierce street $18; Metcalf street $22.50 per mo. Small houses on Pierce, Union, Reese, First and other streets $6 to $8 per month. WANT HOTEL. FOYE, 65 public square. 67-tf

FOR RENT—A very desirable office room in Times-Democrat building, steam heated. Enquire at Times-Democrat. 44-tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

NORTH SIDE COAL YARDS Keystone coal 1 ton $3.75; 500 lbs for $1.20; 400 lbs $1.00 delivered. Office J. B. Jackman & Sons, 320 north Central avenue. Bell phone main 850; Lima phone 1111. 62-3t*

LOST.

LOST—Saturday evening between Schmidt Dry Goods Co., and five and ten cent store, pocket book containing about twelve dollars. Finder please leave at Dimond Bros. grocery and receive reward. 64-3t

In Praise of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

There is no other medicine manufactured that has received so much praise and so many expressions of gratitude as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is effective, and prompt relief follows its use. Grateful parents everywhere do not hesitate to testify to its merits for the benefit of others. It is a certain cure for croup and will prevent the attack if given at the first appearance of the disease. It is especially adapted to children as it is pleasant to take and contains nothing injurious. Mr. E. A. Humphreys, a well known resident and clerk in the store of Mr. E. Lock, of Alice, Cape Colony, South Africa, says: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to ward off croup and colds in my family. I found it to be very satisfactory and it gives me pleasure to recommend it." For sale by all druggists.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE® NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

OPPED DEAD

Washington Passed Away.

Evening Near Erie rntable From Heart Trouble.

R IN SOUTH LIMA.

Thieves Getting Very umerous and More Bold.

ng and Going of Those ent on Celebrating Christmas.

evening about 6 o'clock Will- Davis' ambulance was called outh to take care of the re- of an old and fa...ul colored George Washington, who had near the Erie turn-table, east n street, and was found lying snow.

nsed was employed as a la- on the L. E. & W. coal docks, s known as one of the most l workers about the docks. He out 50 years, old, and is sur- y a wife, who resides on east street.

DeVoe Bought It.

grocery stock of C. W. Mooney, th Main street, which has been hands of a receiver during the days, was put up at auction Saturday, and purcahed by J. Voe, the real estate man, he be- highest bidder, as shown here: bid $1,417; a nochester, N. Y., d $1,274; and John Mahan bid

e was allowed thirty days, by rt, in which to dispose of the invoice of goods.

Mahan has leased the room cupied by the Mooney stock. ll remove his stock of grocer- m the corner of Second street Johns avenue into it.

More Thieves Than Fuel.

railroads and coal cars are not ly losers by thefts, and if are true, there are more fuel in south Lima than can be ently supplied.

that the railroad detectives king such strenuous efforts to top to thieves carrying off coal. eves have seemingly boycotted l cars for a time, and are ply- eir sneaking still by making visits to the Eagle Stave Mill. They fear off palings from the oard fence, go inside and carry staves, heading, hoops, kindling fact anything they can get ingers on.

of the thieves are known, as ter has visited several barns, and summer kitchens and therein plenty of evidence of In most cases the parents are ne, as they teach or allow their steal—making thieves of them th, branding them for life. But or three instances the thieving ng done by the parents them- even mothers.

e will be several arrests made, n't be overly surprised, as the ers are only petty thieves and blic will always remember them h. The general belief is that people are all able to buy their ut think they are saving money lfering it. A few severe ex- s in the way of stiff fines and entences would do away with at deal of this thievery, and especially south Lima, would atly benefited thereby.

Here and ...ere.

erry Christmas to all.

may Santa Claus not forget tle ones.

ie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. elley, of Franklin street, has recovered from diphtheria, and arantine has been lifted.

largest and best stock of gro- ever offered to the people of at wholesale prices by J. E. De- and Kibby. Store open for busi- Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock.

J. P. Jackson family, of San- City, are spending the day Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shappell, th Main street.

and Mrs. S. R. Puterbaugh and n, and Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Row- of Dayton, are guests of the Rowlands family, on south street, today.

rles Gallant, wife and children, ifton, are visiting her parents, Neiswander and wife, of Broad-

and Mrs. J. W. Arnold, on Sec- treet, entertained for Christmas their sons, wives and children, few other relatives.

kinds of canned goods in case t wholesale prices for cash, of- by J. E. DeVoe, corner of Main bby streets, the Mooney stock. open at 9 o'clock Tuesday morn- Get in line for the bargains.

rson Center friends are enter- g Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Burgett, th Main street, today.

S. Smith, the dry goods mer- left this morning to spend the ys with his daughter, Mrs. O. all, at Pickerington, O.

terday, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Sr.

DO NOT EXPERIMENT
on yourself if you have
Rheumatism
IT IS DANGEROUS.

The disease can be cured and we make it our business to cure it. We have a remedy—

Ath-lo-pho-ros

that we guarantee will remove the poisonous URIC ACID from your system, and bring your aches and pains to a speedy end, if you will follow the plain and simple directions. No matter what form your Rheumatism takes, Athlophoros will remove it. Muscular Rheumatism, Inflammatory Rheumatism, Articular Rheumatism, Acute and Chronic attacks all yield to Athlophoros. Don't be skeptical. Try a bottle. It has cured thousands and is the best remedy for you. Take Athlopheros and get well.

THE ATHLOPHOROS CO., New Haven, Conn.
FOR SALE BY
The Marmon Drug Store, 49 Public Square.

Kraft, of east Kibby street, went to Sidney, to spend Christmas with her sister, Mrs. Samuel Kaser.

Mrs. Sadie Lichlighter, of Greenville, O., is a guest of her daughter, Mrs. Chester Cole, of south Main street.

Last evening, Mrs. Mayme Barth, of south Main street, left for Titusville, Pa., to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Medley.

Miss Lola Baumgardner has returned from Oxford, to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Baumgardner, of west Kibby street.

At Toledo, Mrs. G. L. Runkle will entertain her sister, Miss Orpha Darling, of south Main street, this city, until after the holidays.

Mrs. John Sloan, of Warsaw, Ind., is a guest of her sister, Mrs. E. W. Stover, of south Pine street.

Russell and Ray Robbins are spending the day with relatives at Rockford.

A $2,510.65 stock of groceries must be sold before January 20th. Come quick. J. E. DeVoe is selling the Mooney stock, at the corner of Main and Kibby. The store will be open Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock.

Philip Dingledine and wife, of south Pine street, are being visited by their son Robert, and wife, of Columbus.

Columbus relatives are being visited by Frank Bendure and family, of Tanner avenue.

After a three weeks visit with relatives at Chattanooga, Tenn., Mrs. B. F. Matthews, of south Elizabeth street, has returned.

Saturday evening, the Rev. Sims officiated the wedding of Lantie W. Cutlip and Miss Luella Spohn, at the Cutlip home on south Main street.

Mrs. James Croninger and children, of Wauseon, are guests of her sister, Mrs. J. C. Mack, of south Central avenue, today.

Rollo Abner Shaffer will arrive today from the Norfolk navy yards, to spend the holidays with his parents, E. E. Shaffer and wife, of south Main street.

Walter Murphy, who attends a medical college in Chicago, is a guest of his mother, on south Metcalf street.

Mrs. Hannah Blakely, of Kalida, has returned home, after a pleasant visit with Mrs. M. J. Rolly, of south Pine street.

E. E. Shaffer and wife, of south Main street, are entertaining his brother, W. B. Shaffer, and wife, of Chicago.

BASKET BALL

Danberry vs. White Stars at the Auditorium tomorrow night, game called at 8 o'clock. Dancing after game. Admission 25c; reserved seats, 10c extra.

If fortune disregards thy claim.
Don't hang thy head in fear and shame.
But marry the girl that you love best;
Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do the rest. H. F. Vortkamp.

THE STAGE.

The Diamond King.

An excellent company headed by Mr. V. A. Varny and Miss Louise Walther will present the run melodrama. "The Diamond King" at opera house this afternoon and evening. The press of the state speak very highly of both the company and the play. Special scenery is used and pleasing specialties are introduced.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

One of the most complete and effective presentations of "East Lynn" which has ever been sent on tour will be given at Faurot opera house next Wednesday evening by the admirable company which has for its star, Jane Dore, an actress who, by her rare personal attractiveness and exceptional ability, has achieved more than ordinary distinction in most of the large cities of the country. As surely as Miss Dore makes a public appearance, just so surely does she add hundreds to her already long list of admirers. The dual role of Lady Isabel and Madame Vine appeals to her with especial force, inasmuch as it affords her versatile art opportunities for contrasting the joyousness of the beautiful young bride with the deep grief of the bereaved, unfortunate mother.

Miss Dore's supporting company, scenic equipment and accessories are all up to the standard required for an artistic presentation of the favorite old drama. The engagement is for one night only, and seats can be secured at these special prices:

No Secrets To Hide

We have nothing to conceal; no secrets to hide! We publish the formulas of all our medicines. You will find these in Ayer's Almanac for 1906; or write us and we will send them to you. Then show the formulas to your doctor, and ask him what he thinks of them. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE CHILDREN

Made Fitting Celebration For Chrismas Eve.

Churches of Lima Given Over to Sunday Schools Last Evening.

TO SANTA AND SWEETS

Glad Hearts Gave Thanks of Praise in Song and Word.

A. S. Creps Elected Superintendent For Sixth Year at Market. St. Church.

Hearts delighted, homes made happy, good cheer distributed with a lavish hand, made up the day in the churches of Lima, yesterday, and the crowning feature—the why we have this grandest of all days—was not forgotten in the praise of song and word, in the liberal offerings to the needy, and the instilling in tender minds of what Christmas means. In the churches last evening the hours were almost universally given over to the Sunday schools, though a number of churches have saved this feature for evenings during the present week.

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There was a double-giving at Market street Presbyterian church in which the Sunday school children were not alone recipients, for the men who have devoted years to the work were also given the appreciation due them. Also it must be noted that at the meeting for the election of officers for the coming year, Supt. A. S. Creps was chosen for his sixth year as head of the schools.

A delightful program was rendered by the Sunday school, commencing at 7 o'clock, the church edifice being prettily decorated with greenery, potted flowers, and large streamers of holiday gulety, from which were suspended innumerable bells. Supt. Creps made a short address at the inception, followed by a class exercise. Miss Frances Easley gave a reading, "Grandma's Gift," which was cleverly done; a reading of equal merit was that of Marjorie Henderson; the beginners department had a number of their own; Dorothy Dinsmore pleased her aditors with a reading and was followed by Margaret Hoagland in a well received and appreciated number. Recitations were made by Gail Townsend, Helen Pence, Butler Longsworth, Helen Thomson; a class song by the primary department; and songs by the schools made up the program, which closed with the presentation of gifts of fine oak rockers to Supt. Creps; Secretary J. Y. Badeau, Treasurer W. A. Kincade, Librarian W. W. Lowes and assistant librarian Owen Williams, "Uncle" Tommie Jones making clever presentation addresses as each massive rocker was placed on the platform. Then came the event of all events for the children in the arrival of the reindeers bearing Santa Claus, who was most realistic and well impersonated by the popular young attorney, Warren J. McLaughlin. A free hand-out of sweets was made by Santa immediately after his descent from the gallery on a ladder, no human could have safely crossed.

AT TRINITY M. E.

Little Helen Isabel Conner a Delightful Feature.

The children of Trinity M. E. church rendered a beautiful Christmas concert last night entitled "The Wondorous Gift." One of the big and pleasing features of this choice entertainment was the numbers of Miss Helen Isabel Conner, who sang the beautiful Christmas song, "The Place of Pity," and gave a pantamine of the song, "Jesus Lover of My Soul," while Master Eugene Franz gave a reading, "The Dread of Being Washed," which was heartily received.

The church was fragrantly decorated with potted flowers, cut sprigs, and evergreens and at the close of the well prepared program, which was highly appreciated by an audience taxing even the standing capacity of the edifice, the distribution of Christmas cheer was made to the pupils of the Sunday schools.

CALVARY REFORMED.

"The Light of the World" Was Fittingly Presented.

At Calvary Reformed church, last night, the pupils of the Sunday school presented to an interested audience a Christmas celebration under the title of "The Light of the World." While many young artists were included in the entertainment, special mention has been asked for Miss Caroline Myers in her reading, "A Stingy Old Man," also for Miss Vera Neeley in her reading, "Lost at Sea," and for the clever doll song of little Helen Huffman. A substantial offering for the Orphans Home was taken at this service.

CHRISTMAS TREE

And Annual Treat For the Children at the Congregational.

A huge Christmas tree well located and the church beautifully decorated in winter evergreens and holiday attire made a genuine scene of good cheer at the Congregational church, and the program rendered by the children showed preparation and care by both pupils and teachers. There were a number of chorus renditions, hymns, carols, together with recitations by Gladys Bundy, Mildren Jones, Clarence Apple, Arthur Bundy, Alice Thomas, Edith Jones, Mary Phillips and duets and class exercises. The church was crowded with friends of the little ones.

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN.

Children of the Sunday Schools Celebrated Event.

At St. Paul's Lutheran church the evening service was given up to the Sunday school, who furnished a delightful program, and were awarded the annual distribution of sweets.

The service opened with a processional by the school followed by hymns, scriptural readings and exercises, while individual recitations and numbers were charmingly rendered by Howard Vogel and Dewey Loescher; Miss Lela Neff, Ruth Bossart, Blanche Franklin and the primary classes.

Charity In Evidence.

The Sunday school of the United Brethren church gave a pleasing entertainment under the title of "A Giving Chrismas," at which a substantial collection was taken for the poor of the city. Class exercises, class songs and a few choice readings made up the program.

At Other Churches.

Other churches celebrated for the children, but failed to furnish complete programs for the press. Many of these were as delightful and as replete in childish accomplishments as those given above and among them must be mentioned those at the First Baptist church; the rendition of "Xmas at Grandpa's" by the Spring street Lutheran church Sunday school; at Union street Lutheran the Sunday school rendered delightfully an evening of pleasure under the caption of "Long Ago On Christmas." An offering to the poor and fitting celebration of the birth was given at Grace M. E. church yesterday morning, the program consisting of music, recitations and class exercises. With the choir assisting with special music the Sunday schools of the First Christian church rendered their Christmas program last night.

Other denominations announce their annual Chrismas feasts for the children for evening during the present week.

Tonight's Services.

A special Christmas cantata will be rendered by the Main street Presbyterian Sunday schools this evening and special children's programs will be offered at the south side Church of Christ. At St. John's Catholic church today high mass was celebrated this morning at 5 o'clock with a sermon on the "Birth of Christ," and special music. Low mass was celebrated at 7:30 with sermon on "Adoration of the Shepherds," and special music rendered by the children's choir. High mass at 10 o'clock, and vespers and benediction at 7:30 this evening conclude the day's service.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man is an unhappy slave. Burdock Blood Bitters builds up sound health—keeps you well.

DRUNKENNESS AND CRIME.

The Defense of Murderers Intoxicated When Deed Is Committed.

Drunkenness as a defense for murder can be reduced to the plain statement that a drunken man bent on commission of crime is as dangerous to the individual against whom his efforts are directed as is the man who is sober.

The argument that murder or any other breach of the law should be condoned because the accused admits he had been drinking to excess for a considerable time before the crime was committed may appear reasonable, but is it? Manifestly the man was in possession of his faculties before he began drinking, and if he continued the debauch until such time as he believed he had some right to take the life of another there can be little excuse for his act.

But it is not so much in the decision of one case that the danger lies. If the courts are to take as argument for acquittal the word of a man charged with felony that he is irresponsible because it was committed while he was drunk, the possibilities are dangerous. What is to prevent every deliberate murderer from hiding behind this defense, as so many of them have hidden behind the ruling of a court that there is emotional insanity? Is it not possible, if one man is acquitted of crime, or his sentence is made nothing more than a few years' confinement, because the crime was an act done while he was under the influence of liquor, that it will serve to increase the number of felonies of that character?—Pittsburg Dispatch.

ERYSIPELAS.

Treatment That Is Said to Be Speedy and Effective.

A medical authority says: I would like to state that I consider that one may get absolute control over erysipelas generally within three days by a very simple treatment. Of 100 cases of ordinary facial erysipelas treated I should not expect more than three that would not yield within three days, very likely within forty-eight hours, with the simplest antiseptic treatment.

My custom is always to treat cases of that sort by the application during alternate hours of the day and evening of a mild solution of carbolic acid in alcohol and water as an evaporating lotion. It is only in very exceptional cases that the disease is not almost completely under control and has disappeared within forty-eight hours, but after three days it would be extraordinary if by this means every vestige of the disease has not disappeared.

This has been my treatment in erysipelas for many years. I have never known it to fail. I have never given a drop of medicine internally. I feel that I have absolute control over the disease. I am speaking now of ordinary erysipelas, not the deep seated phlegmonous erysipelas, of course. The strength of the solution used is as follows: Crystal carbolic acid, one-half dram; alcohol, four ounces; water, four ounces.—Health.

Become confidential with any old man and you will hear how some of his family are trying to rob him of his money.

CONDUCTING A BUSINESS.

Usually Trouble When Head of the Firm Takes It Easy.

Conducting a business is like rolling a huge bowlder up a hill. The moment you cease to push it, the moment you take your shoulder from it and think you will rest and take it easy, the bowlder begins to crowd back upon you, and if you are not careful it will either run over and crush you or get away from you altogether and go to the bottom with a crash. It is necessary to be everlastingly pushing, following up the bowlder, keeping it going, in order to get it to the top of the hill.

One of the greatest dangers of early prosperity in any line is a tendency to relax effort. Many a man ceases to grow when his salary is raised or when he is advanced to a higher position. Many a business man, after he has built up a large business, ceases to exert himself, and the moment he pauses in his campaign of pushing and struggling, the moment he begins to relax in giving his close personal attention, his business ceases to advance, and fatal dry rot sets in—one of the worst diseases that can seize on any individual or concern.

The man who attempts to run a business, large or small, must keep his finger constantly on its pulse in order to detect any rise or fall of temperature, any irregularity or any jar in the machinery. When the head of a firm is trying to take it easy, there is usually trouble somewhere.—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

DRAMA IN 1765.

Plays Were Acted Under Great Difficulties at That Time.

Here is an account of the sacking of a theater in New York from the Gazette of May 3, 1765: "The play advertised to be acted last Monday evening having given offense to sundry and divers inhabitants of this city, who thought it highly improper that such entertainments should be exhibited at this time of public distress, when great numbers of poor people can scarce find means of subsistence, whereby many persons might be tempted to neglect their business and squander that money which is necessary to the payment of their debts and the support of their families, a rumor was spread about the town that if the play went on the audience would meet with some disturbance from the multitude.

"This prevented the greatest part of those who intended to have been there from going. However, many people came and the play was begun, but soon interrupted by the multitude, who burst open the doors and entered with noise and tumult. The audience escaped in the best manner they could. Many lost their hats and other articles of raiment. A boy had his skull fractured and was yesterday trepanned. Death is his. Several others were sorely set upon and injured. But we heard of no lives lost. The multitude immediately demolished the house, carried the pieces to the common, where they consumed them in a bonfire."

Ingenuity of the Quail.

Quail leave the nest the moment they are hatched. They have been seen running through the grass with bits of shell clinging to them. They do not stay in the nest a moment longer than necessary to get their "land legs," but run away through the grass, followed by the mother, who watches over them until they are old enough to take care of themselves. When suddenly surprised by a man or dog, the mother will try to draw attention away from her brood by running along the ground with drooping wing, pretending to be wounded. The young quail flatten themselves out on the ground and remain motionless. When the mother has succeeded in enticing the object of her fear a sufficient distance from her young, she will suddenly rise and fly away with the swiftness of an arrow.

The Squirrel Fish.

On account of the peculiar barking noise which is characteristic of squirrels a certain odd looking member of the finny tribe is called a squirrel fish. One might expect such a fish to possess a gray color or to be supplied with a tail like that of the squirrel, but beyond the bark there is no other resemblance displayed in the namesake. In color the squirrel fish is a brilliant red, which makes it a conspicuous inhabitant of the sea as it darts here and there with quick, alert movements. The body of the squirrel fish shows a few stripes and is well covered with sharp spines.

Common Names.

All nations have their Smiths, Joneses and Robinsons. In France the name which is used to signify one of a very large number of men, as Smith is sometimes figuratively used with us, is Durand, the commonest name in the French directories. In Berlin and other cities of north Germany Herr Meyer is Mr. Smith. But in some parts of Germany the name of Schulze is the most common name.

Encouragement.

New Clerk—I think I understand the business pretty well now. Employer—Yes? Keep at it four or five years. Perhaps you'll understand it then as well as you think you do now.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Used to Questions.

Lawyer—I really hope I don't annoy you with all these questions? Fair Client—Not at all. I'm used to it. I have a six-year-old son.

A girl feels flattered when told she looks well in anything, but a wife thinks such a compliment only a plot to get her to wear old clothes.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

REMARKABLE EXPERIMENTS AND STUDIES ON THE STOMACH.

How To Eat Properly.

BY DR. VALENTINE.

Not long ago Horace Fletcher published a book called "The A. B. Z. of Our Own Nutrition," in which he advocated, "Do right the feeding of your body; Nature will do all the rest for you aright." After a dozen years of uninterrupted experiments upon himself and upon dogs, cats and other animals, Mr. Horace Fletcher concludes that the average human being eats three times as much as is good for him; that by eating only one-third as much and masticating it even more thoroughly than by Gladstone's famous thirty-two bites of each mouthful, a person is assured of unfailing health, strength, contentment and longevity. In a word, he will have annihilated the chief cause of all disease—indigestion. Mr. Fletcher conducted experiments at Yale and Cambridge Universities, and made tests under the auspices of the United States Army. As a result of his experiments he advocates that people should ignore false appetite and wait for a return of normal appetite, which is indicated by a desire for some particular simple food, accompanied by a watering of the mouth—all of which is good advice, but a great many Americans, both men and women, are thin, pale and puny, with poor circulation, because they have already ill-treated their stomachs by hasty eating or too much eating, by consuming alcoholic beverages, or by too close confinement to home, office or factory, and in consequence the stomach must be treated in a natural way before they can rectify their earlier mistakes. The muscles in many such people, in every weary, thin and thin-blooded person, do their work with great difficulty. As a result fatigue comes early, is extreme and lasts long. The demand for nutritive aid is ahead of the supply. To insure perfect health every tissue, bone, nerve, tendon or muscle should take from the blood certain materials and return to it certain others. It is necessary to prepare the stomach for the work of taking up from the food what is necessary to make good, rich, red blood. We must go to Nature for the remedy, which shall be simple but effective. There were certain roots known to the Indians of this country before the advent of the whites which later came to the knowledge of the settlers and which are now growing rapidly in professional favor for the cure of obstinate stomach and liver troubles. These are found to be safe and yet certain in their cleansing and invigorating effect upon the stomach and blood. These are: Golden Seal root, Queen's root, Stone root, Bloodroot, Mandrake root. Then there is Black Cherrybark. The medicinal principles residing in these native roots when extracted with glycerine as a solvent makes the most reliable and efficient stomach tonic and liver invigorator. Where there is bankrupt vitality—such as exhaustion, bad nutrition—and thin blood the body acquires vigor and the nerves, blood and all the tissues feel the favorable effect.

Although some physicians were aware of the high medicinal value of the above mentioned plants, yet few have used pure glycerine in combination, or as a solvent, and usually the doctors' prescriptions called for the ingredients in varying amounts, *with alcohol*.

Nearly forty years ago, Dr. Pierce found that chemically pure glycerine, of proper strength, was best for extracting the medicinal properties from these roots and that it gave added value to a tonic compound in restoring tone and vigor to the entire system without the detrimental effect which alcohol would give. So Dr. Pierce put up what he called Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, one of the principal ingredients, Golden Seal root, suggesting the name. This preparation is of pleasant taste, agrees perfectly with rebellious and sensitive stomachs, and has sold more largely in the past third of a century than any other medicine put up for like purposes. The test of the merit of a compound is its lasting qualities. Medicines that depend upon the alcohol contained in them for their popularity have never remained long in favor.

Dr. Roberts Bartholow, Professor in Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, a recognized authority on *Materia Medica* and Therapeutics, says of Hydrastis (Golden Seal root): "Very useful as a stomachic tonic (stomach tonic) and in atonic dyspepsia. Cures gastric catarrh (catarrh of stomach) and headaches accompanying same. Constipation, dependent upon different deficient secretions, with hard and dry stools, may be overcome by the remedy. Chronic catarrh of the intestines, even if it has proceeded to ulceration, is remarkably benefited by Hydrastis. It may be given as a remedy for intermittent, chronic and malarial poisoning, and enlarged spleen of malarial origin. It diminishes mucous in catarrh of the bladder."

From "Organic Medicines," by Grover Coe, M. D., of New York, we extract the following: "Hydrastis (Golden Seal root) exercises an especial influence over mucous surfaces. Upon the liver it acts with equal certainty and efficacy. As a cholagogue (liver invigorator), it has few equals. In affections of the spleen, and abdominal viscera generally, it is an efficient and reliable remedy. Also in scrofula, glandular diseases generally, cutaneous eruptions, indigestion, debility, diarrhœa and dysentery, constipation, piles and all morbid and critical discharges."

The "Golden Medical Discovery" not only produces all the good effects to be obtained from the use of Golden Seal root, in all stomach, liver and bowel troubles, as in dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, ulceration of stomach and bowels and kindred ailments, but the Golden Seal root used in its compounding is greatly enhanced in its curative action by the other ingredients mentioned above. Each of its ingredients has the endorsement of those medical writers and teachers most eminent in their profession.

A little book of extracts treating of *all* the several ingredients entering into Dr. Pierce's medicines, being extracts from standard medical works, of the different schools of practice, will be mailed *free* to any one asking (by postal card or letter), for the same, addressed to Doctor R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and giving the writer's full post-office address, *plainly* written.

In cases of chronic ailments, attended by marked, or persistent, constipation, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be taken conjointly with the use of the "Golden Medical Discovery," to regulate the bowels. They act in harmony with the "Discovery," and will be found to be a most valuable laxative, or, in fuller doses a cleansing cathartic.

Podophyllin, the active medicinal principle of Mandrake root, enters largely into the composition of the little sugar-coated "Pellets," in fact is one of their chief ingredients. They regulate the liver, stomach and bowels.

DINNER GOWN IN DOVE GRAY.

A dove gray chiffon velvet, combined with chiffon and ribbon in the same tone makes this more than an attractive dinner gown. The upper part of the skirt is of chiffon, gathered full at the waistline, and at the lower edge, about knee depth is attached a circular flounce of the chiffon velvet, this heavily embroidered with strands of chiffon in a floral design. A bouillonne of gray satin ribbon in wavy design trims the chiffon at the lower edge, and where the chiffon top and velvet flounce are joined together another bouillonne is applied. The bodice is of an embroidered chiffon cut out in V shape, the fronts having tiny black velvet revers embroidered in silver threads, and laced together with silver cord and tassels. The black velvet is seen again in the crushed girdle, to the back of which is attached pleated coat tails of the velvet, which also gives the effect of a double skirt in the back. The sleeves are short puffs, finished with a band of embroidered chiffon and two deep frills of Val lace.

No Room For Doubt.

Maude—"I wonder if Elvira and young Greening are engaged? I'm sure he proposed to her."

Clara—"Then it's a cinch they are engaged."

Blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles are instantly relieved by Man-Zan. This remedy is put up in collapsible tubes with nozzle attachment, so that the medicine may be applied inside directly where the trouble originated. ManZan relieves instantly. Sold by H. F. Vortkamp.

DANCE TONIGHT

At the Auditorium.

Possible Explanation.

Little Willie—"Say, pa, why do the members of a trolley party toot horns?

Pa—"They probably inherited the habit from their fish-peddling ancestors, my son."

Some day you will get a bad scare, when you feel a pain in your bowels, and fear appendicitis. Safety lies in Dr. King's New Life Pills, a sure cure, for all bowel and stomach diseases, such as headache, biliousness; costiveness, etc. Guaranteed at H. F. Vortkamp's drug store, only 25c. Try them.

The story of Aladdin is incomplete, as it doesn't relate how he kept his wife and daughters from wearing out that lamp.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

DOHERTY THE DIVIL

DOHERTY THE DIVIL

By SEUMAS MacMANUS

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AND he was a divil, if ever there was one in human shape, was Hughey. No divilment, no mischief of any shape, make or form, was too bad for him. He was up to all sorts of trickery and cheating and deludhering and blarneying by means of which he could either gain a something for himself or, what seemed to satisfy him fully as much, make a laughingstock of a decent Ballynapooka. As Mick Neddy Waury put it, he had "a baker's dozen of divils in him, ivry wan of them the size of a hedgehog." Doherty the Divil was in every one's mouth, and Doherty the Divil was feared by all. Still he continued to earn a good living all around Ballynapooka, because he was the principal miscellaneous laborer in the locality, and the good people who mistrusted him had very often to depend on him in a pinch.

Jemmy McGonnigle was that cross between a shopkeeper and a farmer which was the predominant type in Ballynapooka. In the springtime of the year Jemmy wanted his plot of sea wrack cut for the purpose of manuring the land. He was casting about for laborers to do the work, and, coming across an acquaintance, he asked him if he had lately seen Hughey Doherty.

"Why, what would yer be wantin' with Hughey Doherty now?" said Paddy Brogan.

"Why," said Jemmy, "it's in regards of the wee bit of wrack. There's a springtide the morra, an' I'd lake to have me wee plot cut."

"Are ye goin' with them yerself?"

"Well, no; I must look afther the shap. There's no wan to keep an eye to it if I went away."

"An' ye're goin' to send men down to cut yer wrack with no other head over them than Hughey Doherty an' expect iverything to go on right?" said Paddy cynically.

"Och," said Jemmy, with a confident shake of the head, "thrust me for that!" for Jemmy had the highest possible opinion of his own cleverness. "I'll not pay Doherty or a man of them till I see the last bud of wrack left up in the yard here with me."

"Well," said Paddy as he turned to go, still doubtfully shaking his head, "maybe it'll be all right enough."

"Blatheration, Paddy!" said Jemmy. "Sure when I see the wrack there with me own eyes what more do I need? How could Doherty thrick me then?"

"Oh, I don't know how he could thrick ye," said Paddy. "All I know is that he's fit to thrick the very ould divil himself. Howivir, I dare say maybe ye'll escape."

"Escape!" laughed Jemmy derisively. "Escape! Throth, Paddy, ye'll find Jemmy McGonnigle too cute a bird to be caught nappin'. Doherty couldn't or daren't thrick me."

Jemmy soon found out Doherty and engaged him for the following morning. At the appointed hour all the laborers were assembled at Jemmy's house receiving orders from the cute bird, the master, preparatory to setting out for the scene of their day's labor, which was along the coast some four miles distant. Now, cutting wrack differs from other employments, insomuch as the hours during which the laborers work must necessarily be regulated by the tide. The rocks on which the crop of wrack grows are more or less laid bare by the receding tide, but it is only at springtide that the whole extent is bared, and consequently only at springtide is it cut, the men commencing their work as the tide goes out and being forced to quit it, of course, as the tide again returns. This being so, laborers employed at this work have generally finished at an early hour, and employers who are economical give them no dinner till they return from their work at the early hour in the evening. Then by giving them a final meal one meal in the day is saved.

Jemmy McGonnigle, as a matter of course, being a cute bird, came under the economical head. Hughey Doherty suspected that and remarked in a naive manner as he was departing that he suspected the shore would be a hungry country that day. But Jemmy took no notice of the remark whatsoever. Accordingly Hughey had to come closer to the point.

"What time," said he, "will we be afther expectin' the dinner down?"

"Dinner!" said Jemmy in affected surprise. "Is it a dinner ye'd be axin' down to the shore to ye, an' it no time till ye be up here agane? Upon me socks, if ye wait at the shore till a dinner goes down to ye, ye'll be aitin' the whangs out of yer boots afore it raiches ye. Dinner, indeed! Ye will get a dinner, an' a thumpin' good wan too. It'll be smokin' hot on the table for ye whin ye come back."

"Throth, then," said Hughey, "we'll be hungry afore we raich back here."

"That's all the betther," said Jemmy. "Ye'll be able to ait the more. The big mill's grindin' away, an' as long as there's a grain of corn to go into the hopper don't be afeerd of bein' the worse of hunger."

"Aye, but"— began Hughey.

"The big mill's grindin' away!" interrupted Jemmy.

"But consither"— began Hughey again.

"The big mill's grindin' away!" said Jemmy.

"The hunger 'll"— again essayed Hughey.

"Don't mention hunger," said Jemmy, "for the big mill's grindin' away!"

"Throth," said Hughey to his fellow workmen as they proceeded on their journey, "he can aff[ord] to have his wee joke at our expense the mornin' an' laugh at it, but ... My name isn't Hughey Doherty if I don't make him laugh out of the wrong side of his mouth yet."

They reached the scene of their labors and wrought away diligently for a number of hours, for they had been made aware by Jemmy that, as he could not accompany them to the work, he would not pay them until he should see the wrack in the yard and thus satisfy himself that they had honestly earned their pay. When it approached 12 o'clock Hughey straightened himself, looked at the sun and then remarked that he considered it a fair dinner time.

"Faix, indeed, it is all that," said several of the men as they proceeded with their work, "but we may whistle for our dinner."

"By no manes," replied Hughey as, to the astonishment of his companions, he proceeded to invest himself with his coat. "By no manner of manes. It's betther to call for it than whistle for it any day. Come along, men. I thought I heerd some of yez pass the remark that yez was hungry."

"So, inthrags, we did. But where are ye goin', or what do ye mane? Sure there was no dinner ordhered for us."

"Not lakely," said Hughes. "But, sure, they say, 'God helps them that helps themselves.' When no wan ordhered it for us, sure, thanks be to Providence, we can ordher it for ourselves."

"An' who, in the name of all that's wonderful, is goin' to pay for it?"

"Who should pay for it, I'd lake to know, but the ould curmudgeon we're cuttin' the wrack for."

"But sure"—

"Now, let there be no more 'buts' about it. The matter comes to this: I'm goin' to ait a dinner at the ould niggard's expinse, an' a hearty dinner it's goin' to be. If there's any wan else hungry an' in need of a dinner, let him come with me."

Hughey had said enough. Every man instantly jumped into his coat and trotted after the chief conspirator. Hughey proceeded direct to Billy Conaghan's, a house situate close to where they were employed, and, entering, with a crowd at his heels, addressed Billy and his good woman with the usual salutation. He then went about assiduously seating his men. When he had this done he turned to Billy and said:

"I suppose, Billy, it's ready? Or did we come in too soon on ye?"

"What's ready?" asked Billy wonderingly. "What is it, avic?"

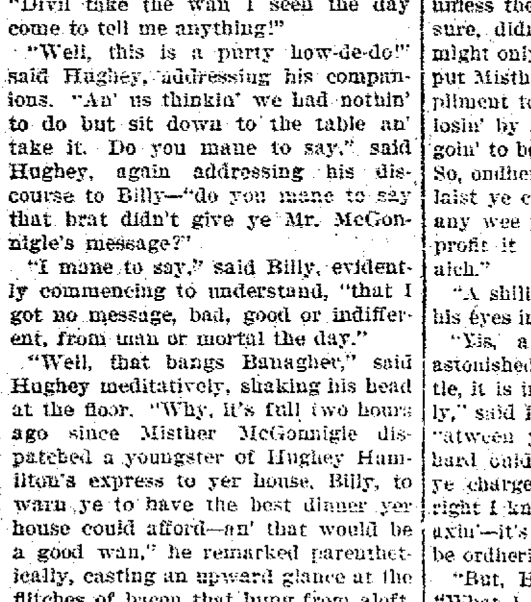
"What—what is this?" said Hughey, apparently equally surprised. "Ye don't mane to say that he didn't come to tell ye?"

"Who didn't come? To tell me what?" queried the mystified Billy. "Divil take the wan I seen the day come to tell me anything!"

"Well, this is a purty how-de-do!" said Hughey, addressing his companions. "An' us thinkin' we had nothin' to do but sit down to the table an' take it. Do you mane to say," said Hughey, again addressing his discourse to Billy—"do you mane to say that brat didn't give ye Mr. McGonnigle's message?"

"I mane to say," said Billy, evidently commencing to understand, "that I got no message, bad, good or indifferent, from man or mortal the day."

"Well, that bangs Banagher," said Hughey meditatively, shaking his head at the floor. "Why, it's full two hours ago since Misther McGonnigle dispatched a youngster of Hughey Hamilton's express to yer house, Billy, to warn ye to have the best dinner yer house could afford—an' that would be a good wan," he remarked parenthetically, casting an upward glance at the flitches of bacon that hung from aloft. "The best dinner, I say, yer house could afford for us. What's that ye



"Don't you make no mistake."

say?" said Hughey, questioning an imaginary remark supposed to have been interjected by a companion behind him. "Throth, an' yer just right," said he, replying to this imaginary speaker. "That's just what the young brat has done—gone to Hughey Conaghan's, at the other en' of the hill. Well, we're sorry, Misther Conaghan," said Hughey, rising, "that we put ye to this bother, but I suppose we'll have to make the best of our way to Hughey's, an', faix, it's no such dinner he'll give us as what ye and yer good woman could provide for us."

"Hould on, yez," said Billy, himself and his wife interposing themselves between the hungry men and the door, for the thought of losing the pay for a dozen dinners was a stunner. "Hould on, yez! If yez just sit down for ten minnits, Nancy here'll lay yez out a dinner that Hughey Conaghan or wan belongin' to him couldn't hould a cannel to. She'll wet a dhrop of prime tay an' throw some eggs an' bacon on the pan an' give ye as good as the house can give ye in ivry way, an' if yez don't say yez have got a good dinner an' that yez are glad yez didn't go to Hughey Conaghan's when yez are done, then call me a liar."

"Aye, but," said Doherty, seeming to hesitate, "consider the loss poor Hughey Conaghan 'll be at."

"Och, divil take him an' his loss," said Billy. "What need yez care? Sure yez didn't ordher dinner from him."

"Well, I dare say that's true," said Doherty. "An' sure, afther all, if there's any wee thing to be made out of it, I'm sure we would all wish it to yerself, Billy, afore any other man in Doorin."

"Thank ye! Thank ye, Misther Doherty!" said Billy, profuse in his gratitude. "Throth, I'll give yez a rousin' good dinner, an' when yez have finished I have a wee bottle that I'll let yez know the taste of."

In a very short time Hughey and his companions were seated around a table on which Nancy had spread what proved to be all that Billy had promised for it, "a rousin' good dinner," and no mistake. Hughey, both by word and example, encouraged his companions to lay in a sea store, so to speak. As it was at the "ould niggard's expinse," he whispered, they'd make him pay for "more nor he conthracted for."

"By my faix," said Hughey Doherty as he wiped his mouth and drew his chair toward the fire for the purpose of lighting his pipe, "I ait worse dinners than that same in me time. Isn't it a marcy, boys, that we didn't go to the other Conaghan's? He could give us no such slashin' dinner as that. Now, Billy, me man," said Hughey as he rolled the tobacco betwixt his hands preparatory to putting it in his pipe—"Billy, me boy, don't you make no mistake about it, but charge Misther McGonnigle enough for that dinner."

"Oh, I'll watch that," said Billy.

"Let me see!" said Hughey meditatively. "If ye wor to ax me now what was the laist a man could, in common daicency, charge for sich a dinner as yer good woman is afther layin' afore us I would say that if ye wanted to put Misther McGonnigle under a compliment ye might allow yerself to be at a bit of a loss an' only ax tinpince aich."

"But, Misther Doherty," interposed Billy, who really was amazed at the entertainment being set down at such a (to him) high figure.

"I know, I know, Billy Conaghan!" said Hughey hastily. "Sure that's what I know—that ye couldn't at all afford to do it at the money—nor no one could unless they stole the matayriels. But, sure, didn't ye hear me say that ye might only charge that if ye wanted to put Misther McGonnigle undher a compliment to ye an' that I knew ye'd be losin' by it? But I don't expect ye're goin' to be so foolish as to lose by him. So, undher the sarcumstances, the very laist ye can charge him so as to have any wee profit at all—an' faith a wee profit it will be—would be a shillin' aich."

"A shillin' aich!" said Billy, opening his eyes in astonishment.

"Yis, a shillin' aich. I see ye're astonished at it, and throth it's too little, it is intirely, I know, but still, Billy," said Hughey in a confidential tone, "atween ye an' me, McGonnigle is a hard ould naygur about money an' if ye charged him any more—though by right I know it's 15 pince ye should be axin'—it's maybe somewhere else he'd be ordherin' the dinner nixt time."

"But, Hughey, ahaisge!" said Billy, "What I mane is that I thought that twicet too much."

"Say that agane, Billy!" said Hughey, in his turn looking as amazed as Billy.

"Well," said Billy deprecatingly, "av coorse I don't know what is the ragler charge in the town, but I thought a shillin' twicet too much."

"Twicet—too—much!" said Hughey, turning around to his companions and punctuating each slowly uttered word with a shake of his head. "Twicet—too—much! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Boys, are yez listenin' to what Billy says? 'Twicet—too—much! 'A shillin' a man twicet—too—much!' The best of bread, hather an' tay, with rashers an' eggs an' a dhrap of as rale stuff as ivir I tasted to wash them down! Twicet—too—much! An' we aitin' as much as would feed a score of pigs for a fortnight. Look at Long Andy's waistcoat! Do ye see him burstin' the buttons off it, the glutton swelled himself so much, an' then to charge that man a shillin'. Billy—poor, simple omadhaun!—considers twicet—too—much! Why, Billy, man, ye're as good as a play."

"Och, all right then! All right!" said Billy as all in the house joined in the laugh at him. "Sure yez knows best. I'll charge whativir is plaisin' to ye."

"Yis, sartinly," said Hughey, "a shillin' a man is too mortial little, but seein'—as I sayed afore—the niggard of a man ye have to dail with, ye'll have to do with it. An' another point I want to put ye up to now, Billy."

"What's that?" said Billy.

"McGonnigle, the blaggard—the ould rascal—he niver likes to see a ha'penny laivin' his shop. He'll be expectin' ye to take goods to the amount of what ye have agane him."

"Och, that's all right," said Billy. "The goods 'll just be the same as the money."

"Av coorse, as I sayed afore, the shillin' a man is too little; but still, McGonnigle—the ould vagabond—he begridges to pay anybody anything if he can at all help it. If he had the ordherin' of his own coffin I b'leeve he'd chait the carpenther out of the price of it, an', as it is, I would a'most take me book oath that when he's dyin' he'll lay his commands on ... him for them to buy the coffin on ..., an' nivir pay if they can help it."

"Is that the sort of the spalpin?" said Billy. "Meself nivir had any dailin's with him."

"So much the betther for ye, Billy, agrah!" said Hughey. "An' may ye long remain so. Now, as I was tellin' ye, ye'll have to ordher goods to the amount of ivry farthin' ..., for fear of the worse, ye needn't mintion this wee bill ye have agane him for the dinner till ye have got yer goods parceled an' papered an' bundled up. Then get them undher yer oxster [arm] tight; tell him that in regards to the wee dinner he ordhered for Hughey Doherty an' the other eleven men that day they wor cuttin' wrack for him—tell him that at the low charge of a shillin' a head for the twelve that lays ye an' him square. Then ye can bid him good mornin' an' laive him, for I promise ye he'll curse a bit, whoivir sees him, at havin' been thricked into payin' a debt—a thing he was nivir yet guilty of only when he couldn't help it."

"All right, Hughey. An' thanky for yer advice," said Billy. "I'll obsarve it to the letther. Thrust Billy Conaghan, but he'll be able enough for the ould dodger."

Hughey and his companions now returned to their work and had the result of their labors carted to Jemmy's yard that night and then paid for. Jemmy took care to pay them a visit as they sat at this meal for the purpose of finishing the laugh at the way in which he baffled Hughey on the dinner question in the morning.

"Well, Hughey," said he as he stood by the kitchen table whereat Hughey and his fellow workmen were helping themselves as well as they could to the eatables before them—"well, Hughey, didn't I tell ye that ye wouldn't be a bit the worse of the hunger so long as the big mill was grindin' away? I'll wager ye a big button to a boxty scon that it was the ricollection of that wee bit of consylation that supported ye all day."

"Faith, then," said Hughey, biting an enormous half moon out of a slice of bread and winking round the table at the same time, "I doubt ye'd won yer wager. It was just the ricollection of them same words that supported me—an' more than me too. Eh, boys?" And he winked again.

In the course of a very few weeks after that Billy Conaghan dropped into Misther McGonnigle's establishment, where he was warmly welcomed by the proprietor, who saw in Billy a new customer. Ere Billy was many minutes in, too, Jemmy McGonnigle was felicitating himself on having secured a most exceptionally good customer, for it was not in ha'porths and penn'orths, like the average men who patronized him, that Billy ordered his goods.

"How much is that I have got now? Will ye kindly make up?" said Billy as he looked with pleasure on a miscellaneous pile of goods before him.

"Sartinly, Misther Conaghan!" said Jemmy, dancing most obsequious attendance on Billy. "That comes to jist elivin an' a ha'penny. Anything else I can do for ye?"

"Yis," said Billy after pondering what else he should get, for he had already ordered every description of

"Laives us square!"

goods he could think of. "Yis, Misther McGonnigle, ye can give me elivin pince-ha'penny worth of clay pipes."

"Elivin pince-ha'penny worth of clay pipes!" said Jemmy, opening his eyes amazedly. But, checking himself the next minute, he proceeded to execute the order with alacrity.

"Oh, I see," said he as he papered up the bundle of pipes, "it's a wake ye have, Misther Conaghan."

"Well, no, thanks be to Providence," said Billy. "But, plaise God, I hope to have wan some day."

Jemmy could not restrain himself from laughing heartily at this last pious hope and the foresight that prompted it. When Billy had got all tied up and firmly placed under his arms, in pursuance of Hughey's advice, he remarked to Jemmy, who stood waiting for the cash:

"I'm thinkin', Misther McGonnigle, that laives me an' ye about square now."

"Laives us square!" cried Jemmy. "What do ye mane, Misther Conaghan? That's 12 shillings ye owe me."

"'Tis, but that dinner ye ordhered for Hughey Doherty an' the other men that day they wor down cuttin' the wrack for ye that was a shillin' a head for twelve, an', ye see, it laives us both now clear. It's mighty thankful I am to ye, too," said Billy continuing, "for ordherin' the dinner at me house, an' I hope ye'll continye to favor me with yer custom in future, an' then I'll only be too happy to run it up in shop goods with ye. We'll play into wan another's hands lake. Good mornin', Misther McGonnigle, an' a thousand thanks."

Jemmy stood dumfounded during these explanations and stipulations of Billy's.

"The curse of the crow's light on ye!" said he as Billy attempted to depart. "Sure, I nivir ordhered no dinner from ye!"

But Billy was evidently prepared for this. He received it quite coolly, saying:

"Oh, Misther McGonnigle, ye want to joke me now. Ye did ordher the dinner, av coorse, or, what was all the same, ye sent a young fellow to me to ordher it; but, though he made the mistake an' went an' ordhered it in Hughey Conaghan's instead of in me house, Hughey Doherty set it all right by repaitin' the ordher to me. So Nancy give them as good a dinner as they got afore or since, an' I'm sure, as I sayed afore, ye'll always see yer way to get any wee dinners ye want that way for yer men cuttin' wrack from me. Good mornin', Mr. Conaghan."

"Hould on, ye scoundhril, an' lay down the goods this mortal minnit or I'll get in the polis for ye. To the divil with ye an' Hughey Doherty! An' may he employ two other divils to keep cloddin' yez at wan another some day! I niver"—

"Good mornin', Misther McGonnigle, an' good luck!" said Billy, bowing himself out, without waiting for any more.

Jemmy made a race after him and a grapple at him, but Billy proved too nimble and went off laughing. Jemmy returned disconsolate and entertained himself for the remainder of the day cursing and abusing Doherty the Divil. To make matters worse, too, who should drop in when he was in the middle of his fit but Paddy Brogan, who, on learning what was the matter, went off into such an uncontrollable fit of laughter that Jemmy promptly kicked him out.

Doherty the Divil of course endeavored to shun Jemmy completely. One day, however, some time after, Jemmy, standing in his shop, perceived the cause of his woes hurrying down the opposite side of the street. Jemmy ran to the door.

"Hello, there, scoundhril, rascal, vagabond! Doherty! Hello! I want to have a word with ye!" shouted Jemmy after him.

Hughey neither turned his head nor slackened his pace—he rather accelerated it, perhaps—but, pointing his left thumb over his shoulder and smiling an extremely self satisfied smile, he shouted back to the enraged Jemmy:

"Don't thrubble yerself, Jemmy, avic. The big mill's grindin' away!"

Polycletos and Greek Art.

The mantle of Phidias descended on Polycletos, the originator of the Argive school of art. Inferior to his great precursor in colossal sublimity and magnificence, he equaled him in precision and surpassed him in beauty of face and grace of figure, so that the critics have told us that Phidias portrayed divinity and Polycletos humanity. If we may adduce a parallel from dramatic literature we will term Phidias the Æschylus and Polycletos the Sophocles of statuary, and as the "father of tragedy" called his dramas "fragments from the great Homeric banquet" so the Attic sculptor said that he derived his conceptions of the majesty of the father of gods and men from the strains of the father of song.

His statue of a boy bearing a lance has been judged by critics a perfect model of youthful grace and proportions and has been called the "Canon," since from it artists have drawn rules of art, so that, in the words of Pliny, "he is held to be the only man who has embodied art itself in a work of art." As may be supposed, he was successful in the nude and in portraitures of boys and youths. The Argive school was prolific in sculptors of ability, principally disciples and imitators of Polycletos, but we can hardly rank among them Scopas save indirectly.—London Spectator.

How Monkeys Sleep.

"Look at them," said the zoo keeper softly. "A pretty sight, isn't it?"

The rays of the lantern did not awaken the multitude of monkeys asleep in the great cage. They lay in a hundred attitudes. Here a slumbering mother held her slumbering baby in her arms; there a formidable male lay by himself in a cleared space; a fat monkey in a corner snored.

But not one of these monkeys slept on his back.

"Do you see?" said the keeper. "They lie on their sides, on their stomachs, every which way—but there isn't one a-lying on his back.

"There never is. No monkey ever was found sleeping on his back. Sometimes as I consider their intelligence and their manifold virtues it seems to me that the fact that monkeys never sleep on their backs is the chief difference between them and human beings."

Some Points About Wills.

Do you know that you cannot will away your body, that a clause in your will giving your body after death to any person or institution is not legally binding? Your executors cannot be forced to carry out your wishes, though they may do so through deference to your expressed preferences. It is also important to remember that three witnesses are needed in devising real estate instead of two, as in bequeathing personal property. "When a woman will she will, depend on it," says the proverb. But there are so many sharp turns and short curves in the course of the law that though a woman wills to will what she will, how she will, in nine cases out of ten she cannot make her will so that she wills what she will as she wills to will.—New York Press.

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The reefer ever remains the style that the small miss of 6 to 10 years prefers, for while wintry blasts demand the warm and long ulster, the small miss quite naturally prefers the garment that less impedes her active movements. So for playtime wear the short coat is undoubtedly the "best." Favor is divided this fall between the plain kerseys and coverts and the smart mixed tweeds, such as are used in the overcoats for grown-ups. The reefer cut this season is shaped with something of a flare arranged in the under-arm seams. The illustration shows this successfully. The material used in the garment illustrated is a dark green kersey, velvet buttons and stitchings of silk affording the finish. Worn with this coat is a smart beaver hat in dark green, a rolled sailor shape caught up on the right with a rosette of crimson velvet, through which is run a crimson quill.

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Broncho Pete's Blue Envelope." . . . .

Broncho te's "Blue Envelope"

FRANCIS LYNDE

ght, 1905, by Francis Lynde

7 he came to be known the ll length of the Grand river xtension as Broncho Pete was mystery. Out on the arid ere the extension is but ten ere is a flag station called ke, so named, the section boss you, because there is neither or a duck pond within 100 t may be that Broncho Pete briquet on the same principle ons, since it is a matter of at he did not know a horse ule, and his payroll name was n Simmons.

ened to be an involuntary a the matter of the mule. As ent for the express company siness over the C. and G. R. equent occasion, to go back over the extension, and on ing in question I had begged the engine cab. Coming down mountain grade a bunch of azing on the slope above the ay took fright and after rac r 100 yards thundered down track ahead.

inked solemnly at me, did ould to check the down grade the train and shouted across

kill one of 'em" And so he nimal that looked to me like kably fine specimen of a bred Norman-Percheron draft

so to Pete. When we stopped account of the damages be lown and looked the quivering f the giant thoroughbred over luster eyes.

ain't nothing on top o' God's rth so ornery as a derned observed. And as a mule he it.

a mere chance that I hap be on the engine at the time cident, but it was not alto y chance that Broncho Pete et in the division superintend ice when the engineer was to explain the "mule." Su lent Savage had found out is a witness to the killing. was the sharpest possible con ween the two as they stood ch other across the office rail superintendent was big and houldered, a born driver of en, with a bushy iron gray d eyes that shot cold fire at a at. Broncho Pete was gaunt and sallow, with a stoop in ders and a shuffle in his walk, that made you think of a g flogged to heel or of the Es esert cousin, the coyote.

about that Percheron of Bi it you killed last week—the one orted as a mule?" rasped the

oked up with a smile that ave softened any heart save division superintendent.

who's been a-lyin' to you all nat ornery old mule, Cap'n Er have they got out a new mules that they're callin' Per-

uperintendent tried to with e smile and the honeyed ap l put the offender in the sweat

on't do, Simmons," he said "I can't have you killing stock ne you take a train over the his time you've stuck the com more money than you'll earn r. That 'mule' of yours was orted Norman stallion. Mr. here says you did what you keep from hitting it after the ere on the track, and I'll take l for it and let you off once But if you don't quit killing u'll quit running an engine on d G. R.; that's all"

Pete was gone I ventured to word for him.

understand all that," said the endent "You can't tell me about Pete He is a good out he has two pretty bad fail will kill stock, and he will lie afterward. If he doesn't re shall have to make an exam m"

is his history, Mr Savage?" finding the time propitious for ing of a long neglected mine y.

perintendent laughed.

ell, if you can I inherited him construction force Benton, engineer, had him running a in. The men say he is a Ten nountaineer, and further they can't, I imagine For all his ing ways, he is as reticent self as he is about the 'mules' ever kiffing."

a puzzle to me," I said be uffs of my cigar.

hich side?"

round, but chiefly on the mon Do you happen to know what with his wages?"

perintendent shook his head.

s it at the Gold Hill faro ta the most of them, I suppose" t all Every pay day he brings t I fancy must be the major his earnings and has me ex to a little town in the Ten nountains."

eh? Keeping up the old folks, e."

ly that, I should think, unless atter of debt. He is too punc bout it The order is always yable to one Abel Jackson. I n once who Jackson was, and e was the 'squire.'"

"Humph! That's odd. Now you speak of it, I've noticed that he never takes a lay off, and he is keener than any Yankee to get in overtime I wonder what he is paying for?"

"I have wondered too"

"Well, whatever it is he'll lose out if he doesn't quit killing Seth Byram's horses and cattle," said the superintendent, dismissing the matter in a sentence "He has had his warning, and the next thing will be the blue envelope."

But Superintendent Savage was not quite as good as his word. It was only a little while after the Norman-Percheron mule episode that I came upon Broncho Pete lounging in the public room of the Hotel de Bunque in Gold Hill, the mining camp at the mountain terminus of the extension.

"How are you, Pete?" said I. "Laying your lay off at this end of the run now?"

He smiled joylessly "More o' them derned mules o' Seth Byram's, Mistah Graves. Seems like I cayn't take a train over Whisky now 'thout killin' some of 'em"

"Oh, so it's a vacation without pay, is it?"

"Yep—thirty days. Thought I might as well wear 'em out up here as down yonder.

The autumn frosts were yellowing the aspens on the great hills when Broncho Pete took his run again. Business was booming on the extension. A new gold strike in the gulch above the terminus camp brought an influx of prospectors, miners and speculators, and with the industrial army came its camp followers, carrion birds and birds of prey, the desperate castoff drift that the law abiding east flings upon the shores of the unpoliced west

We of the transportation line, rejoicing in crowded trains and well loaded express cars, called it an era of prosperity, paying the cost in sleepless nights and unresting days as best we might. But among all the hungerers and thirsterers after "overtime" none was more avid than Broncho Pete "First in, first out," was the train crew rule on the C. and G. R., and he never missed a call, not even when the working pressure rose to thirty six hours out of forty eight

It was in the white heat of the rush that he got his blue envelope In that day the C and G. R paid in good hard money from the pay car, catching the men wherever they were to be found, and so it happened that Pete got his pay and the fatal envelope at the Gold Hill end of his run

I don't know why he came to me with his grief, but he did, and the look in his lackluster eyes was that of a man suddenly stricken with death.

"The old man thinks a heap o' you all, Mistah Graves. Don't ye reckon ye could get him to take me on again just for another month?" he said gently. And then, with a courteous shake in his voice, 'I'm a-needin' that other month's pay mighty bad, and it's all I'm askin'"

I explained that my influence with the superintendent was only that of a friendly outsider But he begged so hard that I finally consented to do what I could when I should see Mr. Savage.

"Thank ye Ye can see him right now," he cut in eagerly. "He came up in the pay wagon with Mistah Bossuet" And so I fell neatly into my own trap.

Now, apart from Broncho Pete's embassy I was very anxious to see Mr Savage in my own behalf and to confer with him. The mine managers on the new strike had been foolishly storing their cleanups in the local bank until now there was near $500,000 worth of gold bars and bullion awaiting transshipment It was to arrange for the safe transit of this gold that I had come to the camp.

Ordinarily no special arrangement would have been necessary, but within a fortnight there had been two stoppages of trains on the main line by a large and well organized gang of train robbers, and, though there was no hint of the presence of the brigands in Gold Hill, we were disposed to be wary

Arrived at the pay car, which stood on a spur track at the station, I found the superintendent and Mr. Bossuet, with the president of the bank in which the gold was held, and Blenkinsop, a government secret service man, holding a conference over the movement of the bullion

"You are the very man we have been waiting for," said the superintendent. "About this gold shipment, Mr Montague," indicating the bank president, "favors the regular train and an armed guard. What is your idea about it?"

"My notion is that secrecy is better than force if we can manage it," I ventured. "I have been to see the sheriff, and he says a guard of such deputies as he could swear in at short notice could not be relied on"

The government man nodded assent to this, and the bank president called for my alternative.

"It is open to certain objections, and it depends upon Mr Bossuet," I replied. "It is generally known in the camp that Gold Hill is the end of the pay run and that the car goes back from here with no booty large enough to tempt the robbers if they are out for the gold shipment The pay car will run special in any event Why not let it run ahead of the regular and carry the gold?"

The objections materialized at once If the robbers were in Gold Hill, with spies out, the bullion could never be moved from the bank without their knowing it So said the bank president, and Mr Bossuet demurred because he had his wife and daughter with him. Even the government officer thought it would be extra hazardous, and Mr Savage capped the climax of protest by saying

"It can't be done Graves I was just telling Bossuet we'd have to put his car in the regular train for the run down to the junction We are shy an engineer"

"Broncho Pete?" I queried.

He nodded

"He killed another of Byram's pet Normans, and I had to let him go"

Here was my opportunity—and Broncho Pete's.

"Can't you give him another chance, Mr. Savage?"

The superintendent thought not "It would be subversive of all discipline," was his wording of it

"Yes, I know, but he is the man for this emergency. It is barely possible that the undertaking may ask for a good bit of cold nerve, and I'll back a Tennessee moonshiner against the world for that."

"A what?" said the secret service man sharply.

I laughed and corrected myself. "I said 'moonshiner,' and I meant mountaineer.' Broncho Pete is a Tennesseean.'

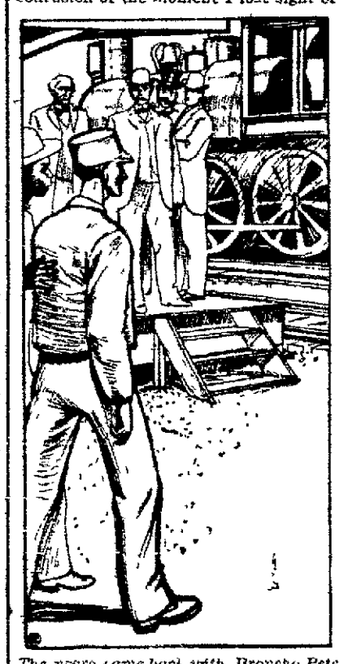
Blenkinsop drew a notebook from his pocket and began to turn the leaves. We dropped him out of the discussion, and by dint of a little special pleading I won my point. Mr. Bossuet withdrew his objection. The bank president admitted that there might be one chance in a hundred of moving the gold secretly from the bank to the car, and Mr. Savage sent the porter with a message to Pete, directing him to report at once for duty.

We were all four in the midst of the train time station bustle on the platform when the negro came back with Broncho Pete in tow. For once the lackluster eyes had lost their shiftiness, and the stoop and shuffle were gone.

"I allow I ain't go'n' to forget this, Mistah Savage," he began in his soft, slow drawl, but the superintendent cut him off brusquely

"Never mind that. I said I'd discharge you, and I did. But I didn't say I wouldn't hire you over again Get the 256 around here and make her up with the pay car to run as first section of No. 4 Be lively about it. We haven't any time to sell."

Pete came to attention like a soldier on duty and sprang to obey. In the confusion of the moment I lost sight of



The negro came back with Broncho Pete in tow.

Blenkinsop, but a little later I saw him at the step of the 256 talking to Broncho Pete When he came back to us he was smiling sardonically.

"You are quite right," he said to me. "Your Tennesseean is the man for your money. He has just been telling me that he is in need of another month's pay. I have taken the liberty to assure him that the express company will see that he gets it if he pulls through on this run without—er—let us say, without killing any cattle." And before I could enter a disclaimer to this unauthorized bargain he put his back to me and said to the superintendent, "If you don't object I'll make one in your little picnic party"

The plan for transferring the gold from the bank vaults to the car was not a very brilliant one, but it was the best we could devise on the spur of the moment

The pay car was a disused Pullman "special," half office and half hotel. Bossuet was an epicure, and it was a standing joke on the line that he took in supplies for the pay car kitchen at every stop, hence when the delivery wagon of a well known firm of grocers came down with hampers for the private car there was nothing about it to excite suspicion.

At least that was what we hoped, and so we believed when the transfer was safely made and the 256, with Broncho Pete at the throttle, was picking her way out of the Gold Hill yards and preening herself for the flight down the mountain. The paymaster was in the central compartment with his womankind, the superintendent, who was our acting conductor, was on the engine with Pete, and Blenkinsop and I stood on the rear platform.

"It's a go," said I, not without some prideful emotions The plan of embarkation had been mine.

Blenkinsop pointed to a horseman in a wide flapping sombrero galloping breakneck down the wagon road which led by a short cut to the foot of the mountain.

"That remains to be seen," he said doubtfully. "How far is it to Mountsfoot by the railroad?"

"It is a grade loop," said I. "Four miles and a fraction, I believe"

"And by the wagon road?"

"A little more than one."

"Precisely So if that fellow should happen to be galloping to head us off he can do it easily"

"Heavens!" I gasped "You don't think"—

"No, I don't think—I know Five minutes ago that fellow in overalls and a battered derby hat was helping the driver of the grocer's wagon to unload the—vegetables"

It was a moment for action, prompt and decisive, and my hand was on the bell cord to give the signal which should call Savage back to us when the car gave a great lunge and a leap, and the flight down the steep grade became a mad race.

"You needn't mind," said Blenkinsop coolly "Savage has seen him."

With the superintendent on the engine and in command, there was nothing for us to do. But when we rushed down the last incline into the Mountsfoot yards we were both hanging off by the hand rails to see what portended.

The galloping horseman had beaten us, but only by the narrowest margin. We saw him race down to the station and fling himself from the saddle A moment later we were thundering over the switches, and as the lurching treasure car spun around the curve below the station we of the rear guard had a vanishing glimpse of a crowd of men swarming upon the engine of a waiting freight train

Blenkinsop stepped inside and came out with a repeating rifle.

"You may ring up Savage now if you want to. The fight will be at our end of the string from this on."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"That," said he, pointing backward.

We had trailed out on a bit of straight track, the only one of any consequence between Gold Hill and Whisky mountain. Following his gesture the freight engine free of its train and black with clustering men, tore around the curve in chase

A mile farther on Savage and the paymaster joined us, the superintendent cool and grim and Bossuet pale to the ears with very natural alarm.

"Dear me," he said, striving like the brave little man he was to speak calmly, "I am very much afraid we are in for it"

"It looks that way," said Savage. "It means a race straightway to the junction. There isn't a station this side of the main line where we could stop and raise a corporal's guard to fight them."

"You know both engines," said I. "Can the 256 do it?"

He shook his head. "With Simmons at the throttle and a chance to take water at Tyree she might. As it is the 510 carries two gallons of water to our one, and our tank will go dry somewhere on the Whisky mountain hill."

"But the wires!" I broke in. "The alarm will go down the line, and surely somebody will have wit enough to throw a stitch and ditch them!"

The superintendent shook his head again. "We may as well look it fairly in the face. Those fellows are bigger fools than I take them to be if they haven't dropped a man off to cut the wires long before this. No, I have given Simmons his orders. If his water holds out he is to run to Summit siding on Whisky mountain. Then if nothing has happened to change the situation we shall put the women on the engine, let Simmons drop down the farther grade with them out of harm's way, and we'll stay by the car. At least I shall"

There were three more affirmatives to that vote, and little Mr. Bossuet stumbled into the car to bring out more rifles. In those hard money days the pay car went well provided with arms.

Notwithstanding her great weight and the smallness of her driving wheels the freight engine was holding us well in leash Curve after curve was passed at hair raising speed, but on the reverses we could see the great man covered machine.

"They've got a good runner," said Blenkinsop, fingering his piece like a soldier enamored of battle. "If I could get a fair sight at him"—

With the word he stood clear of the hand rail and his rifle went to his face. At the crack of it a man on the tender of the pursuing locomotive flung his arms abroad and pitched headlong.

"No good," said the marksman as coolly as if he had shot at and missed a clay pigeon. "We've got to think up some other way of stopping them."

"If we had anything to drop on the track," said Bossuet, and thereupon we became potential wreckers, stripping the pay car of everything movable that could be flung out upon the rails.

Nothing came of this forlorn hope, and when in the last resort we trundled the small cash safe out and heaved it over only to see it bound from the ties and go rolling off down the embankment we were at the end of that expedient.

The superintendent laughed grimly at the sight of our final petard bounding off into the creek—laughed and reached for one of the rifles.

"We shall reach Whisky in five minutes more at this gait. Our business now is to keep them back far enough to give us time to transfer the women at Summit siding," he said, and when next the storming engine came in sight a rattling volley from the rifles played upon it

When we had our next glimpse of the brigands we were climbing the Whisky mountain grade and our pursuers were well out of rifle shot to the rear

Savage turned to me. "Go up ahead and see how our water is holding out," he commanded, and I obeyed, running forward through the stripped car, where Bossuet was telling the frightened women of the plan to send them ahead on the engine, and scrambling over the tender to the foot plate of the labouring 256. The fireman was shoveling the coal as one who toils for dear life and Broncho Pete was standing at his levers, his anguish jaw set and the sleepy eyes ablaze for the first and only time in my seeing of them

"The water!" I shouted, coming close to his ear to make myself heard above the clattering din of the engine.

"Gone!" he answered "She sucked dry at the foot of the hill"

"What are you going to do"

"Make Summit siding if I have to burn the crown sheet out of her," he said

I passed the line over the mountain in quick mental review In its climb it skirts the spurs and heads the gulches in alternate loops. Rounding the last of the shoulders it describes a huge "U" in passing around the final and most abyssinal of the gulches. In the bend of the "U" the narrowing chasm is spanned by a light bridge of the "overhead" type, and the approach to this bridge from either direction is down grade. The southern end of the great loop is the summit of the mountain, and just beyond the cutting in the summit shoulder through which the line passes is Summit siding

We were skirting the shoulder of the northern approach when Broncho Pete sprang to his box and leaned far out for a look to the rear Our three pay car rifles barked sharply, and they were answered promptly by a dropping volley from the 510. Pete ducked inward and gave his engine another notch of the throttle.

"'Tain't no use," he said soberly "We ain't goin' to have no time to transfer them wimmen" Then he called sharply to his fireman and gave the boy an order which I did not hear, and a moment later we were on the inner curve of the "U," racing down to the bridge at a speed which promised anything but a safe passage over the spidery structure.

Nevertheless before I could gasp a second time we had stormed up the opposite grade and were thundering through the cutting at the precise moment that the freight engine came in sight on the northerly shoulder

Once more Pete yelled to his fireman

"Get a move, now!" he commanded. And the boy shot out of the gangway and raced ahead to the switch As I learned afterward, the superintendent's order had been to make a flying switch at the siding—this to bring the car and engine side by side for the quicker transfer of the women. Savage was on the forward platform, to pull the coupling pin, but at the last moment his nerve failed him and he countermanded the order.

"Go on!" he shouted. "We can't make it. They're too near."

But now the man became the master.

"I know what I'm a-doin'!" he yelled back, with a fierce oath to cap it. "You pull that pin!" And when the engine jerked the car for the kick it was the superintendent who obeyed.

The pay car was scarcely over the switch when Pete sent the engine spinning back into the cutting and brought it to a stand.

"Mistah Graves," he said, "the revenuer allowed you all 'd pay me another month Take that and this"—shoving the blue envelope with its unbroken rouleau of gold pieces into my hand—"and send 'em to Squire Jackson Tell him that squares him and me, and say I'll nev' trouble him no more. Now git off—quick!"

"But you—what are you going to do?" I cried.

"I figger to hit them Ku-Kluxers right about the middle o' that bridge. Git off, will ye?" And with that he hurled me out of the gangway.

I was half stunned by the fall, but I was alive enough to see the last act in the tragedy. The freight engine had passed the bridge in safety when Pete launched the 256 like a stone from a catapult out of the cutting. There was a yell of terror from the robber crew. A collision on the steep mountain side meant death to every man involved, and the only possible chance for escape lay in flight. The big freight puller buckled and heaved as the man at the levers stopped and reversed her, but she was no more than fairly on the bridge in the backward motion when the flying passenger engine overtook her There was a wild shriek, a crash, and the thing was done.

It was late in the afternoon, and the wreck train crew had been toiling for hours in the tangle of twisted bridge girders and crushed and battered machinery at the bottom of the canyon when we came upon all that was left of Broncho Pete Blenkinsop and I were both among the toilers, and it was the secret service man who helped lift the poor torn body to the stretcher.

"You know his story," said I when we were following the stretcher out of the gulch. "What is it?"

"You spoke better than you knew," said Blenkinsop briefly. "He was a moonshiner, and he killed a man, not an officer, but the spy who betrayed him. An old fellow, Jackson by name, went on his bond, and he ran away For years he has been paying the bail bond a little at a time, and that is how I got on his track"

"Did he know you were after him?"

"Yes. I arrested him just as he was getting on the engine at Gold Hill. He begged for time to make this run, said he owed it to you, and he gave me his word of honor to go back to Tennessee with me when he had done your turn."

"And you trusted him?"

The detective nodded. "You see, I was a revenue officer once in the Tennessee mountains, and I know the breed. It will kill a man at the drop of the hat, but it won't lie"

"Yet I don't understand why he didn't take his chance. He might have pulled the throttle open and sent the engine back alone."

Blenkinsop smiled gravely

"Don't you?" he said. "It's plain enough. It was the 'blue envelope' in either case, and he chose to take it here instead of on a gallows in Tennessee"

IT IS FOR LADIES, TOO.

They Can Stop Their Hair Falling Out With Herpicide.

Ladies who have thin hair and whose hair is falling out can prevent the hair falling out and thicken the growth with Newbro's "Herpicide" Besides, Herpicide is one of the most agreeable hair dressings there is. Herpicide kills the dandruff germ that eats the hair off at the root. After the germ is destroyed the root will shoot up and the hair grow long as ever Even a sample will convince any lady that Newbro's Herpicide is an indispensable toilet requisite. It contains no oil or grease it will not stain or dye Sold by leading druggists Send 10c in stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich.

William M. Melville, Special Agent

A kidney or bladder trouble can always be cured by using Foley's Kidney Cure in time H. F. Vortkamp

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Water Cure for Constipation.

Half a pint of hot water taken half an hour before breakfast will usually keep the bowels regular Harsh cathartics should be avoided. When a purgative is needed, take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets They are mild and gentle in their action. For sale by all druggists.

Now is the time to guard the health and strength of the lungs. The best remedy to use for coughs and colds is Bee's Laxative Honey and Tar. The only cough syrup that does not constipate the bowels, but which on the other hand, expels all cold from the system by acting as a pleasant laxative Best for coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, etc. Sold by H. F. Vortkamp.

THE INTERURBAN UNION FREIGHT HOUSE,

Located north of Wayne street, between Central avenue and L. E. & W. Ry. will be open on and after Monday, December 11th, from

6:30 a. m. to 5:00 p. m.

2 fast freight trains daily except Sunday leaving Lima at 6:55 a. m. and 12:40 p. m.

Consignments on the 6:55 a. m. train will reach

Wapak at .....7:45 a.m.
Moulton at .....8:33 a.m.
St. Marys at ... 8:50 a.m.
New Bremen at ..9:35 a.m.
Minster at .....10:15 a m.
Celina at .....11:30 a m.

And shipments from any of the above mentioned cities will arrive in the Union Freight Station at Lima at 5:20 a m

Consignments on the 12:40 car will reach

Wapak at .....1 30 p.m.
Botkins at .....2:15 p.m.
Anna at .....2:30 a m.
Sidney at .....2 50 p m.
Piqua at .....3:35 p.m.
Troy at .....4 20 p.m.
Tipp City at ....4:30 p.m.
Dayton at ... ..5 00 p.m.
Springfield at . .6:00 p.m.
Eaton and West Alexandria, O., and Richmond, Ind., before 10.00 a. m. the following morning.

Express packages at express rates to Hamilton, Cincinnati and Columbus and way stations every two hours after 7 15 a. m.

Full information regarding rates to many other interurban points can be secured by the use of Bell 'phone 152—2 rings and New 'phone 199—2 rings.

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT.

Estate of Dora A. Thompson, deceased.

The undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as executor of the estate of Dora A. Thompson, late of Allen county, Ohio, deceased

Dated this 21st day of December, A D 1905

JOHN L. THOMPSON, Executor
Motter, Mackenzie and Weadock, his attorneys fri sat-62-3wk

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT.

Estate of Mary M Goyer, deceased

The undersigned has been duly appointed as administrator of the estate of Mary M Goyer, late of Allen county, Ohio, deceased.

Dated this 22nd day of December, A D, 1905.

J J GOYER, Administrator.
Motter, Mackenzie & Weadock, his attorneys fri-sat-62-3wks

NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING.

Lima, Ohio, Dec 8th, 1905

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Northern Ohio Railway Company for the election of directors, and the transaction of such other business as may be properly brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Lake Erie and Western Railroad Company, in Lima, Ohio, on Monday, January 8th, 1906, at 10 o'clock a. m

At said meeting there will be presented to stockholders, for consideration and approval, an agreement between the Northern Ohio Railway Co, the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company, Erie Railroad Company and the Cleveland, Akron and Columbus Railway Company, providing for the joint purchase of the Barberton and Southern Railroad; and the consolidation of such railroad with that of the Akron and Barberton Belt railroad company. By order of the Board of Directors.

D W. PARDEE,
50-fri-sat-4wks Secretary.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

I have this day bought of D. Cramer his one-half interest in the south side drug store and the co-partnership existing between D. Cramer and myself has been dissolved. All claims and book accounts due the store are made payable to me, and all parties knowing themselves indebted to the store are requested to call and make prompt settlement.

Respectfully,
J. H. M. MORRISON.
Lima, O., Dec. 12, 1905.

GREAT CENTRAL.

Time card in effect Sunday, June 18.

SOUTH BOUND.

7, leaves daily .....3 00 a m.
11 leaves daily ex. Sunday..5.35 a.m.
1 leaves daily .....9 30 a.m.
5 leaves daily .....12:40 p.m.
3 leaves daily .....4:15 p.m.
9, leaves daily .....6:05 p.m.
13 arrives daily ex. Sunday..8:45 p.m.
65 leaves Sunday only .....7:10 a.m.

NORTH BOUND.

12 leaves daily .....2:05 a.m.
14 leaves daily ex. Sunday..5.30 a.m.
2 leaves daily ex. Sunday..8:00 a.m.
6 leaves daily .....11:55 a.m.
4 leaves daily .....4:30 p.m.
8 leaves daily .....7.25 p.m.
10 arrives, ex. Sunday.....9 45 p.m.
60 arrives Sunday only ....7:45 a.m.
68 arrives Sunday only .....9:55 pm

ERIE RAILROAD.

In effect November 12, 1905.

East Bound.

*No. 8 New York Express..3.55 a.m.
xNo. 22 Marion-Columbus ac 3:21 a.m.
*No. 4 New York and Boston vestibule limited .....5:05 p.m.
xNo. 14 Wells Fargo Ex. ...9:45 p.m.
*No. 16 Chautaugut and Buffalo limited ....10:43 p.m.

West Bound.

*No. 7 Chicago Express...12:35 a.m.
*No. 9 Chicago limited ....1:33 a.m.
xNo. 21 Chicago acc. .... .8:42 a.m.
*No. 3 Chicago vestibule limited ....11:47 a.m.
xNo. 13 Wells Fargo Ex ....4 11 p.m.

*Daily.
xDaily except Sunday.
aDaily except Monday.

Phone. No. 50-3 rings.

W. S. MORRISON, Ticket Agt.
O. L. ENOS, T. P. A., Marion, O.

L. E. & W. NEW CARD.

In effect Sunday, May 14th.

EAST BOUND.

No 8 leave daily ex. Sunday 8:00 a.m
No. 4 leaves daily ex. Sunday..12.28 p.m.
No. 2 leaves daily ....5 55 p m.
No. 10 leaves Sunday only..8.05 a.m.

WEST BOUND

No. 3 leaves daily ex. Sunday..5 00 a.m.
No 1 leaves daily .....9 58 a.m.
No 5 leaves daily ex. Sunday..4 18 p m.
No. 7 arrives only .....7 55 p.m.
No 9 Sunday only ..... 9 20 p m.

COLUMBUS & LAKE MICHIGAN RAILROAD.

To take effect Sept 1st, 1905.

North	Stations.	South.
3:30 p.m.	.....Lima.....	9:33 a.m.
3:52 p.m.	.....Gomer.....	9:14 a.m.
3:59 p.m.	....Jones City	9:03 a.m.
4:06 p.m.	.....*Seitz.....	8.50 a.m
4:21 p.m.	ar...Kalida...lv.	8:35 a.m.
4:34 p.m.	lv...Kalida ...ar.	8:19 a.m.
:40 p.m.	..Donington....lv	8:11 a m.
		ar 8:02 a.m.
4:46 p.m.	.....*Leon	7.53 a.m.
4:53 p.m.	ar.Continental.lv	7:46 a.m.
5:04 p.m.	lv.Continental .ar	7:26 a.m.
5:15 p.m.	.....*Rice.....	7:09 a.m.
5:23 p.m.	...*Southerion ...	7:02 a.m.
5.40 p.m.	....Defiance	6:45 a.m.

*Flag station.

CHANGE OF TIME ON D. T. & I RY.

Effective Sunday, Oct. 8th.

Passenger trains will leave Wayne street station, going south:

No. 1 arrive at 2:32 and departs at 2:45, p. m. daily except Sunday.

No. 3, 7:40 a. m. daily except Sunday.

Going North.—No. 2, 1:05 p. m., daily except Sunday.

No. 4, 8:32 p. m. daily except Sunday.

Nos. 1 and 2 will run between Detroit and Jackson.

Nos. 3 and 4 will run between Napoleon and Jackson, O.

J. J. KIRBY, G. P. A.

PENNSYLVANIA LINES.

New schedule on Penna. R. R, Nov. 26th, 1905.

EAST.

No. 24 Daily .....1 17 a.m.
No. 6 Daily .. . . 7.06 a m.
No. 36 Ex Sunday .....9 41 a m.
No. 16 Daily ....1.37 p m.
No 30 Ex Sunday .....2 42 p m.
No. 22 Daily, Pullman .....4·25 p m.
No. 8 Daily .. .. 9·37 p m.
No. 2 Daily, extra fare...10.27 p.m.

WEST.

No. 15 Daily ... .2.04 a m.
No. 39 Ex. Sunday ..... 9·29 a m.
No 23 Daily Pullman .....10 27 a m.
No. 9 Daily ....2.40 p.m.
No 35 Ex Sunday ....5·05 p m.

No. 35 and 36, Plymouth and Crestline accommodations.

J. W. REID.

JOHN M. BOOSE,

Real Estate & Gen'l Insurance Agency
200-201 Black Block.

City property, vacant lots, business blocks and mercantile propositions for sale. Houses to rent. Rents collected and estates managed Notary public Fire, plate glass, health and accident, steam boiler and employees liability insurance
YOUR BUSINESS SOLICITED.

MONEY TO LOAN.

At 4½ per cent to 5 per cent FROM ONE TO TEN YEARS, in sums of $500 and upward on FARM LANDS or LIMA CITY PROPERTY Privilege of paying $100, or any multiple thereof, at any interest day. LOANS MADE AT ONCE.
THE LIMA MORTGAGE LOAN CO,
LOUIS H. ROGERS,
Rooms 415-417 Opera House Block

JOHN A. MOHR,

Real Estate and Insurance
Room 21, Holmes Block.

LEGAL NOTICE.

George M Clevenger whose place of residence is unknown, late of Allen County, Ohio, will take notice that on the 6th day of December, 1905, in the court of common pleas of Allen County, Ohio, where the action is now pending, being cause No. 12538, the undersigned Katie Clevenger, filed her petition against said George M. Clevenger praying for a divorce from him, and the custody of their minor child, Maria Clevenger, whose age is seven years.

The said George M Clevenger is required to answer the said petition in said action not later than six weeks after the 8th day of December, 1905, the date of the first publication of this notice, or such divorce and custody of said child may be granted.

PROPHET & EASTMAN,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.
Dec.8-6wks

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE® NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

FATAL ACCIDENT AT A GRADE CROSSING

Henry Haunhorst and Daughter Were Instantly Killed This Morning

BY THE NEW YORK AND CHICAGO FLYER

Buggy In Which the Victims Were Riding Was Hit by the Train at a Street Crossing In Delphos Another Daughter Escaped Without Injury.

Westbound passenger train No. 29 of the Pennsylvania railroad, the New York-Chicago 18-hour train, struck and killed two persons on a street crossing in Delphos shortly after 8 o'clock this morning. The buggy in which the victims were riding was torn to fragments by the train and the horse they were driving was instantly killed by the engine which hit the animal at the shoulders just as it stepped onto the track in front of the river.

The victims of the accident were Henry Haunhorst, a prominent farmer citizen of Washington township, Van Wert county, and his daughter, Miss Rose Haunhorst, aged 24 years. Their heads were crushed by the train and death occurred instantly. Mr. Haunhorst, who was about 65 years of age, was driving and in addition to his daughter Rose, he was accompanied by another daughter, Mrs. Mary Wahmhoff, also of Van Wert county. The three were on their way to Delphos and were about to cross the Pennsylvania main tracks at the Bredeick street crossing, near the John Shafer handle factory on the west of the town when the fatal accident occurred. Mr. Haunhorst did not hear the approach of the passenger train and permitted the horse to proceed up the incline which forms the approach to the crossing without stopping. Mrs. Wahmhoff heard the roar of the train an instant before the crash occurred and jumped out of the buggy just as the pilot of the engine hit the horse. She was violently hurled to one side but escaped with practically no injury. Her father and younger sister, however, were less fortunate. The engine struck the bourse of the shoulders and hurled it to one side and the side of the train hit the buggy tearing it to fragments and bringing instant death to the two remaining occupants of the vehicle.

The bodies of Mr. Haunhorst and his dead daughter were taken to Jamna and Weger's undertaking establishment, in Delphos, and the coroner of Van Wert county was notified of the accident. It is believed that Mr. Haunhourst did not have time to realize his danger before death was upon him. Mr. Wahmhoff was on the side of the buggy farthest from the train and had room to jump but her sister was on the side that was turned against the train as the horse was hurled from the track and had no chance to escape. Her head, like that of her father, was terribly crushed.

Mr. Haunhorst resided on a well improved farm, situated one and one half miles southwest of Delphos. He was a prosperous pioneer farmer of that community and was respected by all who knew him. Mr. Joseph Haunhorst, of this county, a former trustee of Marion township, is one of the surviving members of the deceased's family.

AT ST. ROSE

Three Services Were Held Commemorative of Day.

Beautiful St. Rose church was fittingly decorated today, commemorative of the birth of Christ, and three services were held, the church being filled at each service. High mass with sermon was celebrated at 5 a. m., low mass at 9 o'clock, and high mass with special music at 10:30 o'clock.

At high mass yesterday morning Mrs. Winifred Sullivan-Romer, who is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Sullivan, on her return from her European sojourn, sang in her old-time sweetness and to the delight of the hundreds who still claim her as a daughter of St. Rose, and Lima's own. Mrs. Romer will be here a few days befre leaving for her home in St. Louis.

Almost every woman complains that her husband's family "eat funny."

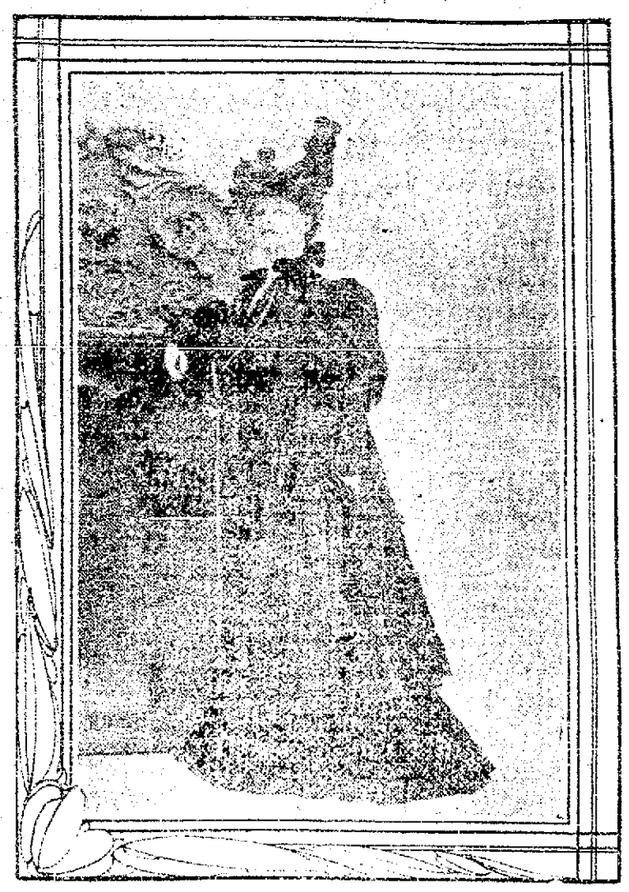
BASKET BALL

Danberry vs. White Stars at the Auditorium tomorrow night, game called at 8 o'clock. Dancing after game. Admission 25c; reserved seats, 10c extra.

Why suffer with your stomach, kidneys and liver when Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will make you well. If taken this month, keeps you well all the year. 35 cents, tea or tablets. H. F. Vortkamp.

For the real good old buckwheat flavor, buy Mrs. Austin's Buckwheat, and don't forget the name. 64-6t

"Doan's Ointment cured me of eczema that had annoyed me a long time. The cure was permanent."—Hon. S. W. Matthews, Commissioner Labor Statistics, Augusta, Me.



THE EMPIRE MODE IN CARACUL.

Nowhere more beautifully than in furs does the Empire mode declare all of its bewitching grace and charm. It goes without saying that it is the short and close-haired furs that are indicated in this connection: and of those there is none displayed in the illustration, in which a carriage coat of caracul is shown fashioned after the Empire style. The characteristically short body part has a high rolling collar, the fronts formed into shawl-shaped revers, and the skirts approaching a circular form in cut. Little touches of royal purple velvet, embroidered in gold and silver, are deftly applied; and the handsome buttons that make for a further decoration, as well as affording a fastening, are of this same royal genre. The sleeve is very full in the upper portion, tapering prettily from the forearm and dropping into a velvet decked cuff at the wrist. A fancy black and gold passementerie—the gold predominating—is used to bind the front edges with excellent effect. The chapeau presents several points of novelty. First the tilt of the shape, the steep bandeau at the back making for a downward tilt over the forehead, and the smart disposition of the white plumes, those startling tints the ribbon rosettes in the front, and the tips gracefully draped over a similar trimming in the back. The original is in a maroon, or chestnut brown velvet, with black moire ribbons and the white plumes.

PERSONAL MENTION

Miss Helen Hutchison is home from Joplin, Mo., where she teaches school, to spend the holidays with her parents.

Mr. J. H. Pletcher and family, of Toledo, are spending Christmas with friends in this city.

Mr. Thomas Whittington is spending Christmas with his parents in Elida.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Impure blood runs you down—makes you an easy victim for organic diseases. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies the blood—cures the cause—builds you up.

Mrs. Austin says: "My buckwheat cakes will please you, if you love the good old-fashioned flavor." 64-6t

DANCE TONIGHT

At the Auditorium.

GOOD LASSIES

Of the Salvation Army Do Noble Work.

Hundreds of Hearts and Homes Brightened With Xmas Cheer.

OVER THREE HUNDRED

Of the City's Unfortunate Poor Received a Good Dinner.

Baskets-full of Food Sent to Families Who Were In Need.

While those of the citizens of Lima who are blessed with enough of the world's goods to enable them to bring good cheer to their homes and friends during the holiday season were enjoying the Christmas holiday, today, the good lassies of the Salvation Army were not unmindful of those who are and have been less fortunate and the day was a busy one for them. The past several days had been spent in the work of soliciting money, food and clothing for the poor of the city and today came the doubly arduous duty of distributing food and clothing to the homes of poor and needy families and of feeding others who availed themselves of the invitation and the opportunity to enjoy a good wholesome and well prepared dinner at the army barracks on east High street.

The Work Well Done.

The Christmas relief work was well handled under the direction of Capt. Westwood and Cadet Sickman, who were found at the barracks early this morning, assisted by a number of privates, busily engaged in the work of preparing to feed over three hundred people at the tables which were laid in the spacious room, and also with the work of packing baskets of food which was distributed among the homes of the poor throughout the city. Each basket contained food enough for five persons and consisted of chicken, celery, cheese, butter, sugar, coffee, pickles, fruit and pies. A number of express wagons were engaged in hauling the food and clothing to the homes to which they were directed by the officers of the barracks.

Capt. Westwood stated to the Times-Democrat that over two hundred dollars in cash had been raised by the members of the army who solicited funds on the streets last week. The work of the army was well done and it was a blessing to many a home over which the dark cloud of poverty hangs.

ATCHINSON GLOBE SIGHTS.

Even the man who thinks he will go to heaven wants to pick his company.

Even after man is dead, a bunch of flowers in his hands looks out of place.

"This chimney," every woman says, when she lights the lamp, "needs cleaning."

A man never realizes how many people want to treat him until he has sworn off.

Our idea of a thoroughly good husband, is one who puts his wife in his air castles.

It is a sign of the most extreme old age if one exhibits good sense in Christmas buying.

Occasionally love affairs drag on so that Cupid disappears, and Father Time takes his place.

There isn't any one on earth as lonesome as a man who is lonesome when his wife is around.

People are so sensitive that you can't give them soap without offense unless it costs a dollar a cake.

You owe everything to your mother; the day you were born every one else was willing to give you away.

There are a few people in the world who have so much trouble that they are in a nightmare all the time.

QUICK ACTION

By Well Shooter Averted Disaster.

Shot Exploded While Being Lowered and Blew Casing Out.

THE INLAND OIL CO.

Put Into Receiver's Hand as Its Assessments Were Not Paid.

Hancock County Man Is Given Nice Promotion by Standard.

Portland, Ind., Dec. 25.—While engaged in shooting a well for the J. E. Clark Oil company on the Huey farm, in Bear Creek township, Jay county, 20 quarts of nitro-glycerine exploded at a depth of 150 feet, as it was being lowered. The shooter seeing instantly what had happened, shut down the engine, waved the crowd to run for their lives, and hastened away fro mtne derrick.

A solid stream of fluid shot up from the well, followed by the casing. The casing rose above the derrick and stood there. Ninety quarts of the explosive which had previously landed in the bottom of the well was not exploded. The damage to the well, which made a showing for a fine one, cannot yet be estimated.

Receiver Appointed.

W. J. Heeter has been appointed receiver for the Inland Oil company. The receivership was occasioned by the failure of William Weiss, of Beaumont, Texas, failing to pay his share of the expense accrued.

In Jay County.

In Penn township, Jay county, the Thompson & Ellingham No. 2, J. J. Eberling farm, section 9, and in the northwest quarter, was a duster.

In Wabash township, the Colonel Drake Oil company's No. 4, John H. Wagner farm, section 18, pumped 25 barrels.

In Bear Creek township, C. Chimelfleng & Co. have drilled in another well above the average in No. 7, on the W. J. Rosenborough farm, section 28. It shows for better than 50 barrels. Numbers 8 and 9 same farm, are under way. The Maple City Oil & Gas company's No. 7, J. N. Polley farm, section 24, pumped 20 barrels. The Warren-Indiana Oil company's No. 8 on the E. F. Boehm farm, section 2, pumped nothing but water, and is listed with the dry ones. The Hamilton Oil company's No. 4 on the L. C. Lineberry farm, section 5, is showing for an average producer.

In Adams County.

In Blue Creek township, Adams county, the Tipton Oil & Development company's No. 13 on the W. A. Kendall farm, section 15, has been shot and makes a good showing.

In Hartford township, the Illinois Oil company's No. 16 on the R. E. Rayne farm, section 36, pumped 13 barrels.

In Jefferson township, the Wakeman Oil company's No. 9 on the Jacob Ryan farm, section 16, has been shot and looks good for 40 barrels the first head.

Other Indiana Wells.

In Washington township, Blackford county, the Ohio Oil company's No. 4 on the J. Woodard farm, section 6, pumped 10 barrels.

In Nottingham township, Wells county, the Geneva Petroleum company is drilling a test well on the Sarah E. Romans farm.

In Jackson township, Wells county, the Griffin Oil company's No. 8 on the John Baker farm, section 4, pumped 20 barrels.

In Chester township, Wells county, the Union Petroleum company's No. 2, Rufus Morrison farm, section 21, pumped 10 barrels, and the same company's test on the Eli Shadle farm, in the southwest quarter of the same section, pumped 10 barrels.

In Patoka township, Gibson county, the Farmers' Oil company's No. 9 on the C. T. Emerson farm, section 10, pumped 15 barrels.

Damaged by Fire.

In Portage township, Wood county, Ohio, and just south of the hamlet of Portage, while drilling in the sand on well No. 20, on the A. B. Keeler farm, owned by L. D. Langmade, the well caught fire, burning the rig, a new drilling cable and other material. The accident happened early in the morning during the heavy fog. The well was full of fluid and considerable oil was around the derrick on the ground, which helped the blaze along. No one was burned of any account. The tools was the property of Mr. Bruning, at Pemberville, and is a total loss.

Got Promoted.

Mr. J. J. Whetsel, formerly with the Ohio Oil company at Findlay, O., has been promoted, and has taken the position of O. A. Evans, of the Prairie Oil & Gas company, in the mid-continent field.

AILING PEOPLE—
Try the Bitters.

It has restored hundreds of sickly people to robust health during its 52 years' experience and it will help you, too. It will strengthen the entire system and cure **Heartburn, Bloating, Nausea, Poor Appetite, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Chills, Colds, Grippe, or Malaria.** Try it to-day, also ask your druggist for a free copy of our **1906 Almanac.**

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

The Following are the Successful Winners

GREEN, GREEN & CO'S

Flag Cracker

Contest for Boys and Girls of Lima.

1ST PRIZE ..... $10.00 in gold
Francis Connell.

2ND PRIZE ..... $5.00 in gold
Margaret Seese.

3RD PRIZE ..... Two each $2.50 in silver
Samuel Finley, Alice Mack.

4TH PRIZE ..... Five each $1.00 in silver
Clion Bassler, Eddie Stewart, Homer Lyle, Annie Whelpley, Clara Markel.

5TH PRIZE ..... Ten each 75c in silver
Clifford Davis, Eva Gross, Earl Greenwalt, Michael O'Neil, Bernice Eldridge, Anna Mensky, Winfield Hogan, Mary Zimmerman, Philip Klein.

6TH PRIZE ..... Fifteen each 50c in silver
Mae Finfrock, Verna Fell, Fred Bice, Josephine Holleran, Gail Fisher, Carl Higgins, Arrim Wool, Alva Armburst, Leo Hobersack, Lowell Blair, Ethel Galloway, Anna Geiger, Josaphine Comacckiove, Earl Reed, Calvin Johnson.

7TH PRIZE ..... Twenty each 25c in silver
Reginald Murray, Timothy Connelley, Sophia Feil, Vernon Hosselman, Eddie Conrad, Evalna Wood, Robert Bizzel, Alize Meyers, Gertrude Louden, Fredie Holtrey, Bessie Hollaron, Onida Louden, Edna Shuler, Adrian Walsh, Annie Goth, Mary Gift, Earl Grout, Addie Piper.

All other contestants received a large package of "Parfait" Wafers Over 200 of boys and girls of Lima made happy.

Flag Cracker.

Sold by all leading grocers.

GREEN CREEN & CO., Cracker Manufactory, Dayton, O.

SENSIBLE TYPES IN WINTER SHOES.

For all the low shoes a brilliantly shiny leather is the approved mode, and for high shoes—or boots, as they call them in London—a dull top combines best with the shiny vamp. For a riding boot the patent colt or japanned leather is the mode, and the heel to this boot is comfortably higher than heretofore. A stout sole that projects slightly is in vogue for all shoes, walking and dress shoes alike; it is only the dancing slippers that enjoy the turned sole this season. The pump, Christy and sailor ties and rather high-cut Oxfords are expected to maintain all of their summer vogue, especially since the best tailors are making spats or uppers from the same cloths as they employ for tailor-made costumes, to be worn either on a high or a low shoe.

Embroidered stockings are among the prettiest of the new season's fads and the combination of openwork and embroidery—this latter item of handwork, of course—is highly esteemed. The pump style of shoe is still favored; but it is not nearly so low cut as the summer lasts were. The later productions come fairly well up on the instep; but the same stiff Quaker bow of ribbon is retained. A shiny black leather is a stout characteristic the winter styles, and the heel is a well-built-up pattern; high, but broad enough to afford a sufficient firmness in walking.

TYPHOID FEVER

Caused Death of Mrs. Susan Bird Last Night.

Mrs. Susan Bird, colored, aged 47 years, died at her late home, 1312 west Spring street, last night, death resulting from typhoid fever. The funeral will be held from A. M. E. church at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon and interment will be made in Woodlawn cemetery.

King of All Cough Medicines.

Mr. E. G. Case, a mail carrier of Canton Center, Conn., who has been in the U. S. service for about sixteen years, says: "We have tried many cough medicines for croup, but Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is king of all and one to be relied upon every time. We also find it the best remedy for coughs and colds, giving certain results and leaving no bad after effects." For sale by all druggists.

Farmers, mechanics, railroaders, laborers rely on Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Takes the sting out of cuts, burns or bruises at once. Pain cannot stay where it is used.

Faurot Opera House
Wednesday, December 27,
JANE DORE
IN
"East Lynne"
Price 25c, 35c, and 50c.
Seats ready Tuesday 9 a. m.

Bilious? Feel heavy after dinner? Tongue coated? Bitter taste? Complexion sallow? Liver needs waking up. Doan's Regulets cure bilious attacks. 25c at any drug store.

Jealousy is like enmity: The less said about it the better.

FAUROT OPERA HOUSE
Matinee and Night
CHRISTMAS.
The Melodramatic Sensation of the Year
"The Diamond King"
Exciting Scenes, Startling Climaxes, Car Load of Scenery.
Matinee Prices 10c, 25c. Night Prices 25c, 35c, 50c.
Seats Ready Saturday.

A stated communication of Garrett Wyckoff lodge No. 585 will be held Monday evening, December 25. Visitors cordially invited.
Geo. F. Winemiller, W. M.
F. M. Frey, Sec.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®